JUL 5 '46

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

S 694
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 9-7R
GREENEVILLE TE
TENN

VOLUME XXIX No. 26 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS

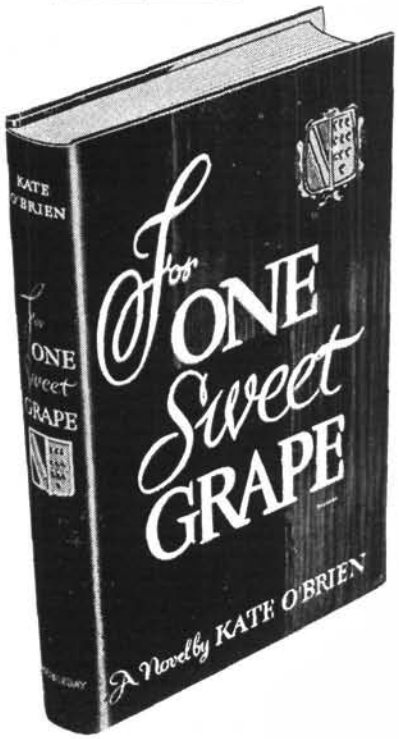
Margery Sharp, author of "Britannia Mews." (See Page 9)

Curtains of Iron and Nylon

By JAMES MARSHALL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU WANT THE BEST



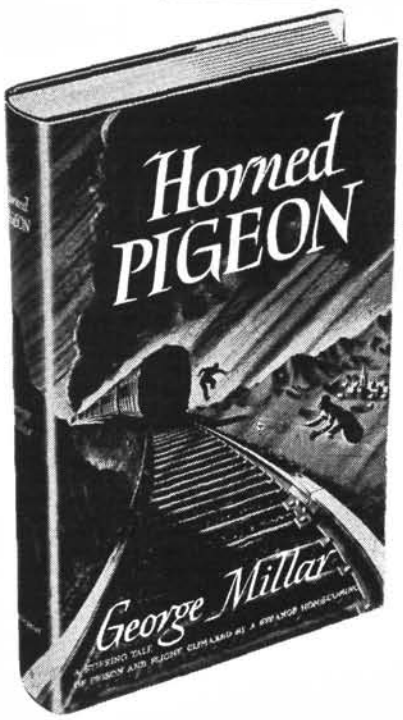
"This novel is KATE O'BRIEN'S best . . . .

Without My Cloak was a cavalcade across an Irish lawn. *The Land of Spices* was a girl's face viewed through a still lake. FOR ONE SWEET GRAPE is indeed a discovery. More of the true picture of Philip is discovered through Ana de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli, and the men around her, than ever Velasquez or Lytton Strachey imagined."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"FOR ONE SWEET GRAPE is a novel which is profound without ever being ponderous; it is lovely without ever being lush . . . truly remarkable. Nor is it simply the fresh vitality of the writing, nor the wonderfully complete realization of the characters, nor the strong authentic feeling for the time or place . . . what marks it most splendidly is an insight which may only be called moral awareness."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THEIRS IS A GREAT LOVE AFFAIR . . . sustained by passion, humor and courtesy. If you are out for a love story in the grand manner, with metaphysical and political undertones, *this is it.*"—*Chicago Sun.*

340 pages, $2.75



"Certainly the best book about capture,

imprisonment, escape, flight and pursuit. HORNED PIGEON is breathlessly exciting . . . What lifts it so far above most of its kind is Captain Millar's own mind. He is not concerned only with physical adventure but looks inward into his own thoughts and emotions, and by describing them makes the adventures themselves significant and important."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times.*

" . more thrilling than any novel detailing life as a prisoner of war, escape and arduous flight to freedom."—*Indianapolis Star.*

"A sharp and thoughtful treatise on imprisonment in wartime and its effect on a man of feeling and intelligence."—*The New Yorker.*

"A chronicle of endless and torturous escape . . a footfall-by-footfall account of many month's flight and pursuit . "—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

HORNED PIGEON
by George Millar

author of WAITING IN THE NIGHT

$2.75

At your bookseller's **DOUBLEDAY**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Articles

PAGE

CURTAINS OF IRON AND NYLON
By James Marshall..... 5

VALUES—OR WHAT YOU WILL
By Mark S. Watson..... 7

THE WORD HARVEST OF '45 (PART II)
By Allen Walker Read.....21

Reviews

BRITANNIA MEWS
By Margery Sharp
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon..... 9

THE PORTABLE IRISH READER
By Diarmuid Russell
Reviewed by Frank J. Hynes.....10

THE OLD COUNTRY
By Sholom Aleichem
Reviewed by Harold Fields.....11

IN THE FIRST WATCH
By William McFee
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....12

SOVIET ASIA MISSION
By Henry A. Wallace
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus.....13

TWO WORLDS
By William B. Ziff
Reviewed by R. M. MacIver.....14

IT IS DARK UNDERGROUND
By Loo Pin-Fei
Reviewed by Helena Kuo.....15

THE MAHATMA AND THE WORLD
By Krishnalal Shridharani
Reviewed by Louis Fischer.....16

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY
By Edwin Borchard
Reviewed by Thomas K. Finletter...17

HONG KONG HOLIDAY
By Emily Hahn
Reviewed by Philip Hamburger.....18

THE BIG ROAD
By Norman Rosten
Reviewed by Christopher LaFarge...19

THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK
By John McNulty
Reviewed by William S. Lynch.....23

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE
By Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich
Reviewed by Roger Butterfield.....34

Departments

LITERARY I.Q..... 8

LITERARY CRYPT.....19

THE ATOMIC AGE
By Norman Cousins.....20

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Merle Miller.....22

EDITORIAL 24

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....25

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....28

HEARING THINGS
By PAUL HENRY LANG.....30

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....42

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....45

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....46

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 640.....50

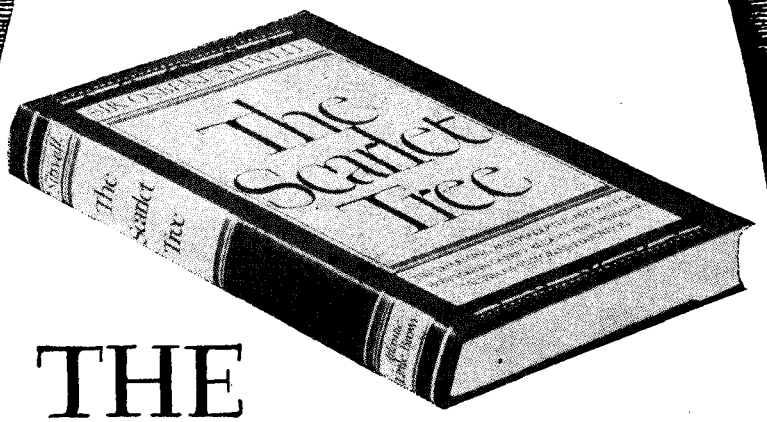
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 26. June 29, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Continuing one of the most illuminating autobiographies to come out of England in our time.



THE Scarlet Tree

By SIR OSBERT SITWELL

Author of *LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND*

Covering the years 1899 to 1909, this is the second volume in the brilliantly written autobiography of an extraordinary individual . . . a charming and perceptive account of how young Osbert became the unwilling victim of Victorian education . . . recorded in the incomparable Sitwell prose.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

At all bookstores • $3.50

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June 1, 1946
The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall
London. S.W.1

Dear Joe,

Time is the enemy, present and future. As you know, England was never a place of rapid movement. But its present pace is of a slowness you would find incredible. There is still insufficient manpower; there are still chippies on the buses and women porters and ticket collectors on the trains. And what manpower there is is weary beyond words and underfed. Most of the time I have been here I have been eating in the better restaurants, which sometimes have good food at a price. But one day I went into the Strand Corner House (which is by no means the poorest) just out of curiosity and had a worse meal than I have had since I was last in Russia. The principal course theoretically has three choices, but they had gone early, and the residue was canned salmon. Residue was a polite word for it. No self-respecting American alley-cat would have looked twice at it. Even the better places were often not much better. One day I had lunch at the Savage Club. It was an omelette made of dried eggs (those famous dried eggs) and tasted like uncooked flour, warmed and dampened.

This same slowness is exasperated by other factors. There are too few buses, too few taxis, too few of everything, and in consequence queues for everything. You stand in line for a bus, for a taxi at the railroad station, for cigarettes, for a newspaper sometimes. And it is all done with uncomplaining patience, a patience which did and does exasperate me beyond words. I was talking to an English friend about this and he agreed with me (as more and more people do now) that what England needed was a little less patient willingness to be trampled upon and a good dose of revolutionary sentiment.

All of which adds up to the (to me somewhat terrifying) fact that England is still the same. I mean terrifying because post-war poor relation England just can't afford these luxuries of politeness and slowness and patient acceptance of the things that were, that ever will be more. First and third class on the railways (the second disappeared about 1920, if I remember rightly) still, and still with some accent on class. Button hooks in the Athenaeum men's rooms, though I doubt whether even the Athenaeum today has any members who still use buttoned shoes.

In all this sameness of England, there are two changes, one that I have observed and don't like and the other about which I have been told and am not convinced. In the economics of scarcity, corruption has begun to raise its fascinating head. I was at dinner one night with two Treasury officials when their wives began discussing clothes (which was natural enough) and the black market price of clothing ration coupons—which would have been inconceivable in the old days when Treasury officials' wives just had to be like Caesar's wife. Food and clothes, incidentally, are the two staple subjects of conversation here, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. At another party a girl was playing with the cat, with her gloves on because the cat was using its claws. The hostess almost screamed:—"Do be careful. That's (the gloves) two points."

Another aspect of this economy of scarcity is the fantastic price of anything not rationed, and even of some things that are. A brief-case, almost exactly the same as the one I bought in New York for six dollars costs £8-12-6 (35 dollars), plus 100% purchase tax; a bathrobe of no great quality £10; Turkish cigarettes (usually the only kind easily obtainable) 3s9d (say 75 cents) for twenty; a cocktail at the Berkeley 6s. (1 dollar 25) and so watered at that that you need about half a dozen of them to get a kick. But people pay the prices willingly and willingly buy anything in sight. After all, what is the use of money? So little that there is a noticeable tendency to work no more than is necessary to buy the necessities and an occasional drink. The Friday evening to Monday weekend has become common again. Offices close promptly at five. Lunch hours are long. They tell me night clubs are doing a roaring trade (entrance 10s. per head, a bottle of whisky £3-12-6, soda to go with it 21s, tips in proportion). And with it all, the back doors open for the rich and those who can win friends and influence people. I had so many people to see that I thought there was only one way—a cocktail party. But drink is just impossible to get except at black market prices. I went to my friend Christopher, who wrote to his wine merchant a letter detailing the sad plight of a returned native. The wine merchant looked pained (as well he might) and said:—"Dear boy (Yes, he really said "Dear boy", several times) I'm sure you appreciate our position. All I can let you have is three bottles of gin and one of brandy." Then a friend lent me his house, and we had a roaring party for publishers and authors and their kind, with lots of pretty English girls (I had quite forgotten how pretty English girls can be with their peaches-and-cream complexions) and everybody said, "How like old times. What a pity we can't have parties again."

The opposite change (I do seem to be wandering on at interminable length but the point will appear presently) is towards a certain confidence and jauntiness in the young people. The jauntiness appears in the young men in battle dress (still a fashion, not necessarily military) who walk along the street like the traditional Cambridge man ("The Oxford man walks down the street as if he owned it, the Cambridge man as if he didn't give a damn *who* owned it"). The confidence was expressed by a girl I know. Before the war she was occupied in restoring old paintings. When the war came she felt this occupation irrelevant to the needs of the time, entered an engineering office and became a civil engineer. I was talking to her about the general shabbiness and dilapidated appearance of everything here. She said it didn't matter: so much was being done, and everyone had such a feeling of achievement—and she meant it.

As to the relation of all this to literature, I have a feeling, which is no more, that the present state of England may produce two kinds of good books, the one kind of disenchantment (cf. C. E. Montague after the last war, I mean the last war but one), the other of dynamic, constructive, and, I fear, somewhat authoritarian hope. So far neither has appeared in good measure. Some editors I spoke to told me that their few authors are written out and that they see no new ones coming. There is virtually nothing good being produced at the moment, but they are sure it is about to come, that people are slowly recovering from the shell-shock of the war and just about ready. I hope they are right.

Two postscripts to this already inordinately long account of general conditions:-

1) It took me about three days to find this typewriter, which, as you will see, is not of the best. Then I spent most of this morning seeking carbon paper and drew a complete blank—another typical scarcity.

2) Marriage. The old order of sanctity, which I knew in my youth in England, has changed, giving place so far to nothing in particular. Out of every five old friends I have met, most of them representative of their particular occupations, four are separated, divorced, or wishing they were separated or divorced. Once three of us met in a bar (one last seen in Cairo in 1943, the other in Moscow in 1941). According to a long-standing custom, I asked one of them:—"How is Robin?" (his wife) He replied, "I haven't any idea." The third man then said, "That makes it practically unanimous. Here's to the ladies, God bless 'em."

My present plan is Paris June 6 to 13, Stockholm 13 to 19, Warsaw 19 on and trying to get from there to Moscow, if that is not possible then to Prague, Bratislava, Budapest, Vienna, Zurich, Paris, and try from Paris again. I am overwhelmed with friends and introductions everywhere. Time is the only enemy.

All the best to everyone.

Yours,

Tommy

Tommy Hindle, Henry Holt and Company's foreign editor, is on a business tour in Europe. If we are at all fortunate, we shall have later reports from him.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE, NEW YORK 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Curtains of Iron and Nylon

JAMES MARSHALL

THE truth of the matter is that we are all motivated in our international thinking by fear. Nations, as the individuals of which they are made up, tend to react to new fears in accordance with reaction patterns established by earlier fears. Nations, like individuals, stirred by anxiety to aggressive action, tend to follow older patterns of aggressive action. Thus we see the imperialism of the Soviet Union taking the pattern of the imperialism of the Czars, and that of France and Britain following the pattern of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century imperialism. Our pattern has two phases: We look to the west again, across the Pacific as we have for fifty years, since the middle border was obliterated; and we tend towards isolation, shutting out what we do not care to face in the interest of our own full stomachs and profits, assumed in theory to be "normal" profits.

Let us not forget that however evil was the war that Germany brought upon the world under Kaiser Wilhelm II and however wrong was the aggression of the German Empire of 1914, there were nevertheless elements of imperialism on our side as well as on that of the Germans. This is made plain by the peace settlements after the First World War, by the colonial expansion of France and Britain, by their accretions of empire (though termed "mandates"), and by the dismemberment of Russia under the theory of self-determination. Now Russia is in the process of reversing self-determination as applied to its empire, while in India, Burma, Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, and the whole Middle East self-determination is seething and the empires of the Western European nations are on the point of boiling away.

So under the impact of the new anxieties the Soviet Union is attempting to gather together what it lost and the Western European nations are attempting to save their imperial fortunes. Thus, too, under the impact of the new fear the Soviet Union, by insisting upon subservient neighbors, is attempting to prevent a recurrence of the intervention and the plots which the White Russians and the Western powers set in motion against the Communist regime in 1918 and 1919. It is as difficult for the Russians to forget and ignore the intervention of allied soldiers at Archangel and in Siberia after the last war as it is for the French to forget and ignore the occupations of their land by German armies.

The fears under which the Soviet government is laboring are not only fears of atom bombs and empire but stem also from dictatorship. Autocracy is always fearful. It will not brook opposition. Criticism is not merely a chastening force or an obstacle to be overcome, as it is in a democratic society, but a threat to power. That is why there are so many millions of political prisoners in Russia and have been right through the war. That is also why the Russian government is so sensitive to foreign criticism and so vitriolic in its reply to its critics. The custom of working with people who do not see eye to eye with them is foreign to any group holding absolute power. They cannot consult; they must direct and dominate.

This, I believe, accounts for the arbitrariness, the bad manners, and the disregard for the rights of others which characterize so much of the international conduct of the Soviet Union. It is not accustomed to account to others, and therefore it does not reveal its hand in Manchuria or Iran. That is why it ignores or even plays on the fear of democratic nations that they may be embroiled in war. The pattern of dictatorship may be modified, but dictators cannot completely free themselves from this pattern when they turn to foreign affairs.

NEVERTHELESS I do not believe that the Russians desire to have war any more than we do. Whether it was plan or pressure that brought it about, they have in turn relieved tensions by withdrawing from the island of Bornholm, which belongs to Denmark; they are in course of withdrawing their armies from Manchuria and apparently from Iran. This does not mean that they will not press for oil in Iran, where they had special rights at the time of the Czarist government, where the British have special rights today. It does not mean that Russia will not press for the security of the warm water port of Dairen and a controlling hand over the railroads of Manchuria, which they and the Japanese were largely instrumental in building; nor does it mean that they have abandoned their claim to access to the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles. But whether these were previously planned withdrawals or the result of the objections of the other powers and the firm stand by the Council of the United Nations in the matter of Iran, it is plain that Russia does not want war today.

As part of the maintenance of dictatorial power, the rulers of Russia have unquestionably instilled in their people suspicion, if not hatred, of the Western powers. As I have said before, this is in part justifiable. But it is also in part unquestionably an instrument for the maintenance of arbitrary power. This suspiciousness again illustrates the persistence of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG · ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reaction patterns and their effects when translated from domestic to international affairs. It is not easy to overcome such patterns. When I was in Berlin not so very many months ago the following story was related to me:

At a meeting of the Joint Control Board, General Eisenhower protested against the Russian suspiciousness. He assured Marshal Zhukoff that any promise that he or any delegate of his might make would be carried out and urged Zhukoff not to be suspicious of the Americans. To this Zhukoff replied: "For more than twenty years we have taught our soldiers and our people to be suspicious. It will take some time for them to learn not to suspect others."

This indicates the difficulty of dealing with the Russians as a nation, for all the geniality of the individual Russian. It is an illustration of the effect of what Mr. Churchill has called the iron curtain with which the Soviet Union has surrounded itself. But again, curtains are not only of Russian making. We too have a curtain, not of iron but of nylon. With our curtain we attempt to keep out the unsavory and unhappy sights of a suffering world. This is our current isolationism. While women stand for hours in line in Europe and Asia to get a little bread or rice, a little meat or a little fat, while millions are on the point of starvation and more than half the world is undernourished because there just is not enough food in the world today, our women stand in line for hours to get nylon stockings. In two weeks of February 1946 the Sanitation Department of New York City collected 125,000 cubic yards more of waste food and other materials than it did in the same period in 1945.

It is just as hard for a cold, hungering world with few remaining personal possessions to understand this as it is for us to understand what is happening behind the iron curtain of the Soviets. Such curtains not only keep the world outside ignorant of facts; they tend to make the world within the embrace of the curtains unfeeling and unrealistic. They keep the nations behind the curtains unaware of the world without. More knowledge of each other, more sensitivity to each other, a greater charity for one another are essential; and we cannot expect an iron curtain to be withdrawn if we continue to live serenely smug behind our nylon draperies.

AGAIN let me emphasize that what I have said does not exonerate the Soviet Union for its aggressive action any more than it does the British

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal.

Talking His Language

for their behavior in India and Burma, or the British and Dutch in Indonesia, or the French in Syria. Aggression is of itself bad and dangerous, no matter how valid its rationalization may appear to be.

There is and always has been only one way to meet aggression, and that is by firmness. I do not mean by firmness that one must be bellicose or engage in counter-aggression, though the distinction is sometimes close. There is another story that I heard in Berlin which illustrates the point:

After the Russians opened up Berlin for government by the four powers, it was the custom of some of the Russian soldiers to come into other sectors of the city at night to whoop it up and celebrate the victory. Often they would shoot their guns wildly in the air. The British in their sector brought up small tanks to prevent these mobs of enthusiastic young blades from invading their area. Some of our American boys shot some Russian soldiers. Marshal Zhukoff protested against this at a meeting of the Joint Control Council. General Clay explained that on the American frontier we had learned that there were times when you had to shoot first if you wanted to survive. He suggested that doubtless this tradition had caused some Americans to be quick on the trigger. Marshal Zhukoff had some difficulty in understanding this, but from that time on the Russians ceased entering the American sector with their wild shooting.

This brings us to a consideration of what firmness means. Surely it does not mean merely words. The Russians may object to adverse criticism, but they too are masters of words. It means something more than that. It means a willingness to back words. This I believe is what Mr. Churchill meant in his speech at Fulton, Missouri, when he spoke of a "fraternal association of the English-speaking peoples," and added that "fraternal association requires not only the growing friendship and mutual understanding between our two vast but kindred systems of society, but the continuance of the intimate relationships between our military advisers, leading to common study of potential dangers, the similarity of weapons and manuals of instruction, and the interchange of officers and cadets at technical colleges."

Of course I have no doubt that Mr. Churchill was speaking as the man who, as Prime Minister, said that he did not intend to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire and saw in the USSR an instrument for the dissolution of the Empire. He spoke undoubtedly as a man closing his eyes to the ruthlessness of the old system of imperial exploitation and the revolutionary dynamics of native peoples, to the real disintegrating forces of the British Empire. But he also spoke as an Englishman who refused to be pushed around or to admit defeat. And while a military alliance between ourselves and the British Commonwealth could only result in a stimulation of Soviet fears and the further stimulation of Soviet aggressions, a clear statement that it is not our intention to permit the world to be dominated by any power was in order. It was particularly in order as elaborated by Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes to the effect that it was our hope that an orderly world might be maintained through the United Nations.

BUT if we are to be firm we must know what our object is. If our program is merely the negative one of restraining Russia we shall not restrain Russia, nor shall we be firm. The United Nations organization itself is no substitute for a national policy. Our representatives in the United Nations must know what our country's interests are just as must the representatives of other countries know theirs. This is especially true in an organization which, like the United Nations, is not representative of the people themselves but of their foreign offices.

We can see in Germany the terrible effects of our lack of national policy. We had the words. We could say on paper that we did not want Germany to rise again to threaten the world or the peace of the world. But we had no policy for the economic development of Germany, no policy for the economic restoration of a Europe in which Germany must play a part,

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Values—or What You Will

MARK S. WATSON

I THINK there must be a good many who found profit in Lewis Mumford's "Values for Survival" and corresponding regret over Jacques Barzun's recent dismissal of it, along with two other current works, as "rather disappointing" (*SRL*, April 27). That judgment is so far from the one I have encountered among acquaintances who share my liking for the essays that I beg to express my opinion.

Mr. Barzun's indignation against the word "values" on its own account caused him to address a large part of his critical remarks to the book's title; presumably this is Mr. Barzun's own private terminological war, about which a puzzled onlooker can only say that "values" is a more respectable word than some we hear in our daily travels and, in the case of the essays under review, happens to suit the subject-matter better than other words which come to mind. And his objections (as "an unconsciously trumped-up affair") to Mr. Mumford's criticisms of liberalism's failures of recent years do not rest well with the reader who himself, like Mr. Mumford, has witnessed those failures, heard them confessed by men with uneasy consciences, and sees proof of them in the ruins lying about us.

Is it true that the author made an "error in spiritual tact" in approving William James and disapproving the *development* of James's own pragmatic liberalism? Again there are readers—well, one, anyway—for whom that apparent conflict is neither objectionable nor inconsistent. Of what system of thought (to apply Mr. Barzun's phrase in another connection) is such a conflict not likely, if the system be developed long enough?

But these querulous remarks have to do with what Mr. Barzun said. My chief sorrow is over what he did not say. So selective is man in his reading that the very points which most offended Mr. Barzun sailed past me almost unnoticed until his review revived them in memory. Possibly he will wonder equally at my selections for comment, to say nothing of the genuine pleasure with which, in this book, I encountered once more some of the wise and courageous things which I remembered faintly from their original publication in periodicals, and some of the others which, to my shame, I never saw until they appeared in reprint in "Values for Survival."

Item: The book's opening article, "Call to Arms," which appeared in 1938, months before Munich, when Mr. Mumford so bitterly reproached his old friends on one of our most liberal publications for their apathy over the plainly visible menace of fascism and their smug assurance to readers that fascism could not for long "seriously menace the world." There are many non-liberals, too, in that day who, "turning away from the latest fascist barbarity in the morning paper, [said] the world cannot be as bad as that; or if it is for the moment, it cannot long remain so." We all now know how false was that complacency. Mr. Mumford knew it then, and said so then, in the very camp of that day's asserted liberalism, and thus early called for such vigorous arming against fascism as to stir the risibilities of experts who themselves did not then dream of the coming extent of our arming.

Item: The second article, "The Corruption of Liberalism," which appeared in those same chaste columns in April, 1940, more than a year and a half before Pearl Harbor finally shook away that smugness of which many others than liberals had been guilty. I refer to it particularly because of Mr. Barzun's challenge to the author's thesis. Seeing no reason to work up fresh rhetoric on a matter which Mr. Mumford himself illuminated thoroughly, I quote from the 1940 article this passage, dealing with ideal liberalism's own dissolution as an active system of ideas during the dreadful thirties:

> The liberal has shown in every country where the attacks on liberalism have been forceful that he either does not possess stable convictions, or that he lacks the insight and the courage that would enable him to defend them. Continually hoping for the best, the liberal remains unprepared to face the worst; and on the brink of what may turn out another Dark Ages, he continues hopefully to scan the horizon for signs of dawn.
>
> The record of liberalism during the last decade has been one of shameful evasion and inept compromise. Liberals have been kind to their enemies and suspicious of their friends; they have stuck to the letter of the law without being concerned over the fact that their punctilio brought the lawless into power; they have defended the free speech of those who openly vowed to exterminate it; they have helped to preserve it for all except those who believe in it.
>
> Liberalism has compromised with despotism because despotism promised economic benefit to the masses—an old device of despotism. In the case of Soviet Russia liberals continued to maintain an embarrassed silence about the notorious plight of freedom and justice in that country, because they had esthetic scruples about appearing to align themselves with those forces in America that opposed Russia for purely reactionary reasons. So they preferred to be tacitly on the side of the greater despots, like Stalin and Hitler, in order to be free of any taint of association with the minor despots, like the Girdlers and the Rands.

Still in 1940, but in December, and in Canada, Mr. Mumford seems to me to have noted other values (I still think the word has its uses) which many have not yet discerned. He told his radio listeners that "you cannot save democracy once and for all, no matter how drastic your sacrifices, if immediately after this effort you turn over and go to sleep." Demands for a new world order would have to be much more determined this time. Only a world union could justify this war's losses; we could not live in a world permitting nations "to proclaim for themselves . . . absolute freedom from the moral authority and political power of the rest of mankind." Now, in 1946, the author sees no reason to alter a word of the essay, but he does add a note recognizing soberly that a totalitarian, isolationist Russia would handicap efforts to bring about a sound world government. He does not halt there. He adds that this very fact gives America a task—to avert the further development of animosities, and voluntarily and quickly to remove every reason for others' distrust—of us too.

There are some wise and memorable observations on the reactions, good and bad, from World War I, which he reminds us was not followed by exclusively bad results by any means; quite the contrary. It brought certainly a new hatred of war, which one would think of as good, save that "hatred of war became so deep

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the common people of the world that it has already (March, 1941) had a fatal result; it has caused them to treat peace as an absolute good, and to surrender to evil, rather than to resist it at the price of war. Thus this salutory reaction against war has lent itself to perverse manipulation by the totalitarian tyrants." How true this was in early 1941, in this country, we now see readily enough. But does experience teach us anything? Is this echo from 1941 a "value" for us to examine today, and tomorrow?

And these items: "We must make allowances for resentments awakened, and not be unduly impatient when uncharitable impulses of revenge stand in the way of rational plans. . . . With similar realism we must face the demand for immediate world peace and world disarmament. . . . Disarmament is not a cause of security; quite the contrary, security is the condition of disarmament. Not merely must one disarm the gangsters and bandits before one can establish the reign of international law; one must be careful *not* to disarm those who will be responsible for keeping the gangsters from building up another racket. . . . This is precisely what the United States, Russia, and Great Britain refused to do in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. . . . The Security Council members not merely effectively stand above the law, but are prevented by the single veto clause from disciplining or restraining one of themselves without resorting to war—the very measure that must be avoided."

In 1905 Henry Adams made this extraordinary prediction:

> At the present rate of progression since 1600, it will not need another century or half-century to tip thought upside down. Law, in that case, would disappear as theory or *a priori* principle and give place to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence. Disintegration would overcome integration.

Mr. Mumford employs the quotation to introduce one of his most effective chapters, "Program for Survival." In it he soberly traces the thundering advance of materialism in our time, visible in countless ways but in none more certainly than in this new idolatry of the machine, designed as man's servant, and now becoming man's moral master. He finds its progress attended by man's moral disintegration, a predecessor, not a follower, of the atomic disintegration which dismays some of us and merely numbs the rest.

He reminds us that had any scientist of six centuries ago thought of such a monstrous thing as a bomb which would destroy a city and might destroy all civilization, he would have been locked up—Roger Bacon was imprisoned and denied a chance to work, merely because he dreamed of flying machines. Mr. Mumford begins to dissent from post-Bacon scientists who have denounced Bacon's "backward" superiors; he suspects their realism was sounder than the faith of those who believe that science and technology alone will bring heaven to earth. "When once success becomes the sole justification of means, there are no conceivable limits to human deviltry."

WHAT will save mankind? Mr. Mumford believes it must be the re-education of man to his ultimate salvation. "When society is in danger it is the individual who first must be saved." Past failures of the orthodox do not worry him nearly so much as their past successes inspire him—and again a quotation makes itself necessary: "If the symbols of religion do not always stand up under rational examination . . . that is not necessarily a proof of their inability to penetrate and control the irrational elements in man. Religion's function, in fact, is to redress man's pride in his intellect, to reduce his conceit and his complacence, so that he will be better fortified to face the ordeal of reality. Mankind is afloat on a frail life-raft. Religion understands the monsters of the deep and the storms that come up in the night. . . . Here is a latent power for man's self-preservation." Values, indeed, my neighbor cries: this is the jewel which was lost.

I had not intended, at the outset, to do more than express regret that Mr. Barzun was so little moved by the pages which still move me profoundly. But the book lies beside me, as these frequent quotations show, and from it there is temptation (which must finally be resisted) to make a great many other quotations of equal merit having to do with education as a means of remaking man, or with the thoughts which now must oppress old acquaintances in Germany, to whom Mr. Mumford writes open letters—to be read by almost anyone, it is suspected, other than the lost addressees. The quotation here made must suggest the experience, the wisdom, the devotion, and the hopefulness with which the essays were originally written, and the present usefulness of their republication.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

LIVING GHOSTS

All of the characters in this week's quiz, contributed by Lola Dunnavant, of Little Rock, Arkansas, may be considered living ghosts because they returned to their friends and relatives after they were supposed to be dead. Can you identify each character and name the story in which he appears? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. This descendant of medieval kings was apparently slain in battle, but he returned to his castle in time to partake of his own funeral feast.
2. When this sailor learned that his wife, believing him dead, had married again, he tossed up a knife to decide the future life of her son.
3. This young bride awakened from a death-like sleep shortly after her grief-stricken husband had committed suicide.
4. This circus acrobat was supposed to have been killed by a vicious horse, but several months later he greeted his son as the latter was returning from a nutting party.
5. After ten years of fighting and ten years of wandering, this hero finally reached his home and found that his wife was still faithful in spite of numerous suitors.
6. When this seeker for the Holy Grail came back to his castle and learned that another heir was in possession, he stopped at the gate to share a crust of bread with a beggar.
7. Many years after his supposed death at sea, this English agent sent a code message to England by means of a radio play.
8. When this shipwrecked sailor came home to find that his wife had remarried, he resolved to conceal his identity in order to spare her unhappiness.
9. At the conclusion of their own funeral service, these three boys marched down the aisle of the church to greet their amazed friends.
10. After twenty very restful years, this old man could find only one person in his native village who recognized him.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parable of All England

BRITANNIA MEWS. By Margery Sharp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 378 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE reviewer, for reasons he cannot analyze or defend, has become allergic to fiction. A novel to him is what a patch of goldenrod is to the sufferer from hay fever. It isn't that he has any highbrow principles, and he knows the flowers can be beautiful. But he seldom ventures into the fields where they bloom and, if he does, is apt to sniff, knowing all the time that his judgment has been corrupted by his mild but incurable malady. Accordingly, it was perhaps a little unfair to expose Miss Sharp's entertaining work to his attentions.

"Britannia Mews" is the history of what happened to, in, and around a row of mid-Victorian London stables planted behind a block of houses that were supposed to be fashionable but weren't really so. Actual stables to begin with in the seventies, they degenerated into a slum in the nineties, had a second blooming in the beginning of the new century, when they became smart Bohemian flats, complete with a super-puppet theatre, and in our own time sustained the blitz and buzzbombing as heroically as any stables whatever. Against this altering background the unusual and occasionally somewhat improbable story of Adelaide Culver carries on. And it is right to say that it is brilliantly told and full of humor that seldom misses a trick.

Adelaide is the daughter of a stuffy and incompetent publisher and of a still stuffier and most unsympathetic mother. She is further the sister of an arty twirp and the cousin of the sweet but conventional Alice. Horrible to relate, she is also the niece of a wealthy divorced woman—a serious business in the eighties. With all this against her, she of course has to marry the drawing-master, half drunkard, half genius, who doesn't paint much but makes magnificent puppets, and, as her family cannot like the match, goes to live in the slum-building where in her earlier days her father's horses were kept. In a quarrel with her drunken artist she gives him a nervous push. He loses his balance and falls down a flight of stairs at the bottom of which he quite properly has his neck broken. A verdict of accidental death is brought in owing to the testimony of a hateful hag who swears that the dead man wasn't pushed. This loathesome creature then blackmails Adelaide until another drunkard intervenes and stops proceedings by giving the hag a first-rate beating. But the rescuer reforms, and Adelaide, unable to marry him because his wife is still alive, becomes his mistress. He becomes the dead husband to all intents and purposes and their fortunes begin to mend when they found a theatre

where the museum-piece puppets created by the dead man at length enchant the esthetic sensibilities of 1905. Along with all this we have an elaborate series of family reactions, conflicts between generations and between Metropolis and Suburbia, etc., too long and too complex to summarize, which come to a head in the agony of World War II.

Up to the death of the drunken puppet maker, the book, in the sight of the reviewer, was not only vivid but convincing. It would be wrong to say that it stops being vivid there, for Miss Sharp writes with spirit and economy at all times. But there were several things that taxed belief at that point. And it seemed that, after a truly brilliant beginning, Miss Sharp had wearied of her theme.

In spite of this stricture the book is diverting, often extremely so, as was to be expected of the author of "The Stone of Chastity." Miss Sharp knows as well as any one that it is not enough to paint a character, but that a personality must be made, to move and evolve. Adelaide, in the first third of the book, does move and evolve, and interestingly too. But what had activity in three dimensions in the beginning goes a little flat and static in the end.

As was said of another writer by a reviewer who wasn't allergic to fiction, it is as natural for Miss Sharp to be witty "as for a brook trout to have spots." And her visible pleasure in the particularities of God's queerest creation will infect many readers. It isn't just a question of the edged or pointed sentence or the acute generalization. Her brightness extends to big contrasts. Her account of the stables, the slum, the smart Bohemia, where the Victorian spirit, although in full rebellion against itself, ran true to form, is a parable, and by no means a dull one, of all England. If the figures of her fancy had as much reality as the background against which they move, and as much vitality as her symbolic overtones, "Britannia Mews" would have been something more than a clever book.

Landscape

By Ben Ray Redman

IN THE iron-cold hollow the foxes bark:
There is death in the chill of the windy dark.
The owl in its thicket is frozen still,
The crows are icicles under the hill;
And the brook is as dead as a brook of stone.

Winter has come to both blood and bone:
To bones that are brittle and soon to break,
To blood more quiet than a polar lake.

The seeds lie shut in the killing earth:
They never will open to try their worth;
There will never be flowers to smell again,
Nor ever the sunshine-after-rain,
Nor the fire of love, nor the warmth of friends;
For this is the winter that never ends.

For this is the season sealed apart:
This is the winter of the heart.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Viking Irish

THE PORTABLE IRISH READER. Selected and edited by Diarmuid Russell. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 700 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

THE literary scholar who attempts to anthologize Irish literature is faced with as well-nigh insuperable a task as a scholar who essays the same for American literature. Ireland has as many famous men of letters as America, and an earlier history of recorded thought. Diarmuid Russell, the intrepid editor of "The Portable Irish Reader," frankly admits as much in his introduction to the book, in face of all the difficulties involved in compiling a representative if not exhaustive collection of Irish literary expression. Complete coverage being impossible, Mr. Russell wisely decided to take samplings of authors representing different periods and various talents and to give them adequate space. The result is one of the best collections of Irish writing this reviewer has ever seen.

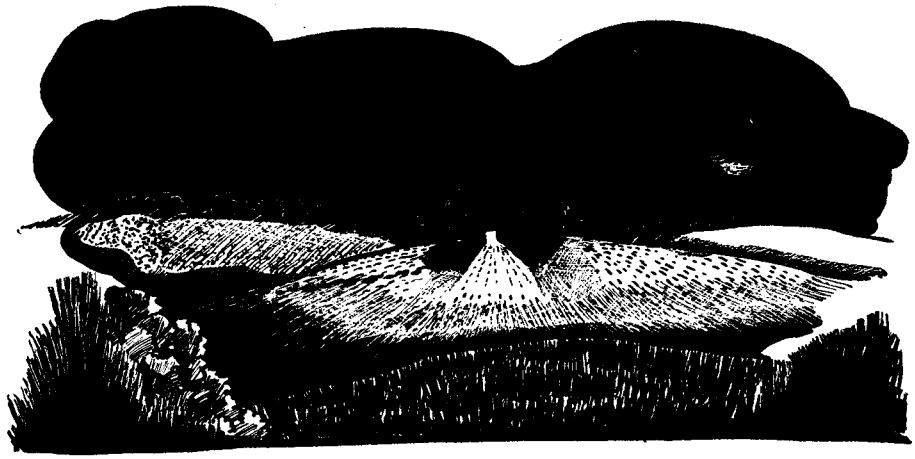
The way of the anthologist is hard; he learns that he rhymes with apologist, that wherever he goes he will always be accompanied by two little words—"So sorry." He receives more blame for what he leaves out than praise for what he puts in. He must always do penance for his sins of omission. Mr. Russell begins as apologist by uttering the two little words to Sean O'Casey, Lennox Robinson, Brinsley MacNamara, Paul Vincent Carroll, St. John Ervine, "and a whole host of able Abbey dramatists" not mentioned by name. The two little words afford little consolation to drama lovers. As a consequence of these omissions the drama section is the weakest in the book. Plays are literary Ireland's greatest product and should loom large in any Irish anthology, yet Mr. Russell confines his selections in this field to only three one-act productions. We warmly approve his selection of Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn," surely one of the finest wrought one-act plays of our time. We loudly applaud his choice of Synge's "Riders to the Sea," perhaps the greatest short tragedy of all time. But we can only give a cultured Bronx cheer for Lady Gregory's mildly amusing curtain-raiser "Spreading the News." One must grant Mr. Russell's contention that space limitations made it possible to include only a small fraction of eligible works, and then only if the works were suitably short. But Sean O'Casey's "The Beginning of the End" is a one-act play, a rude farce to be sure, but robust, comic, and readable. Mr. Russell would very likely pooh-pooh this play as not showing O'Casey at his best. But its inclusion would have given O'Casey the representation that his preëminence in the modern theatre not only deserves but demands. And in the humble opinion of this writer O'Casey at his worst is better than Lady Gregory at her best. Mr. Russell practically apologizes for including Lady Gregory in the drama section and cites her encouragement of the Abbey and her friendly help to all young talent as his reason for admitting her. Lord and Lady Longford of the Gate Theatre have done and are still doing as much in encouraging and developing young Irish talent as Lady Gregory ever did, and they don't even rate a nod of recognition from Mr. Russell.

As the son of the immortal George W. Russell (AE) pursues his apologetic way, he might well apologize to Denis Johnston, brightest start of the Gate and the most advanced of all contemporary Irish playwrights, for even failing to mention his name. George Shiels of the Abbey deserves to have the two little words whispered in his ear, because he is the leading exponent of the new realism in Irish comedy. George Bernard Shaw is among the missing through his own fault. Mr. Russell wrote him asking permission to use some of his work but was refused. Mr. Shaw is too big a leaguer to play ball with such small fry as the Shamrocks.

A good anthologist must be something of an artist and should have a nicely balanced sense of two of the most fundamental principles of all—selection and arrangement of materials. Mr. Russell possesses this artistic sense, supplemented by much sound judgment and invariable good taste. The section on political economy is notable for the brilliant excerpt from AE's "The National Being," for while the book is fundamentally concerned with Irish problems it has world-wide implications. Most readers will heartily agree with Mr. Russell regarding "Adventures in Connemara," a letter from Maria Edgeworth to her brother Pakenham which appears in the letters, essays, and speeches section. Mr. Russell thinks this letter better than any of her fiction, and it is. It has the gossipy gusto of Horace Walpole and the sparkling wit of Mme. de Sévigné. Readers with a yen for ancient history will be delighted with the section devoted to history. They will find two Irish translations giving a vivid picture of pre-Christian Ireland; they are full of story appeal and have the added value of being archeologically important.

The fiction section excels all the others in selection and arrangement. It follows a pattern of mood rather than of time. In it we find that masterpiece of wild and primitive grotesquerie, "The Weaver's Grave," by Seumas O'Kelly. He never lived to see it published. Somerville and Ross are here in one of their most hilarious moods, Elizabeth Bowen in one of her exquisite subtleties, Liam O'Flaherty in a subdued and simple character study. James Stephens spills a shower of gold from his magic crock. Sean O'Faolain is represented by a story that challenges comparison with Turgenev Frank O'Connor gives us in "Song Without Words" as droll a tale as any in Balzac's "Contes Drollatiques," in chaster mood, of course, as Irish writers are notoriously little "fashed wi' fleshly lust." Norah Hoult's "Mrs. Johnson" presents a psychological study uncanny in its penetration. Mary Lavin is present, proving anew that she bids fair to become the Irish Katherine Mansfield. Oscar Wilde reveals an unfamiliarly droll side of his genius in "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime."

The poetry section brings the volume to a musical finale. Many of the poems are translations from the



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irish. All the modern poets are here with a few notable exceptions. F. R. Higgins is unaccountably absent. It is regrettable to note that a mediocre poet like Thomas Boyd, with his saccharine "Ballyvourney," is included and sweet-voiced Francis Ledwidge is left out. And gallant Oliver Gogarty would gladly move over a little to make room for Susan Mitchell, who was AE's secretary, so that she could treat us to one of her witty parodies. Taking it by and large, "The Portable Irish Reader" is a charabanc loaded to the whiffletrees with Irish genius, and easily the most dazzling vehicle yet to appear in the Viking Portable Parade.

Mine Own People

THE OLD COUNTRY. By Sholom Aleichem. New York: Crown Publishers. 1946. 434 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

JULIUS and Frances Butwin have translated twenty-seven stories that the folktale teller, Sholom Aleichem, wrote. They are stories of the old country in Poland, and of the plain Jewish folk who lived in hamlets and small towns. In the telling, one hears the heart-beat of the impatient, devoted mother, or feels pity for the yearnings of the impoverished tailor, or reads with amused tolerance of the guileless wisdom of some of the elders.

Most of Sholom Aleichem's work has yet to appear in English; three hundred stories and more are still confined to the original language in which they were written—Yiddish. This volume of translated work has struggled to convey the mood, the sensitiveness, and the purpose of the original phrasing and dialogue, but the result is not entirely successful. There are phrases and references that are peculiar to a people or a language that cannot be converted into another pattern.

Here are a people who curse their dear ones as an expression of bitter denunciation of their unfortunate lot. Their psychosis is based on release through day-dreams of fantasy. Living as they did—most of those who survived the author perished under the death drives of Hitler's forces—in the midst of poverty and struggle and oppression, their only release came through tales that would amuse or incidents that would recall like experiences to those who were familiar with their lot directly or tangentially.

Sholom Aleichem described these situations in terms of the daily life of a small community—the trials and comedy of the tailor or the village beggar or the sexton or the housewife. Only indirectly did he ever touch on the rich and their pattern of life; when he did so, it was only because the rich man's story was woven into the fabric of the poor man's tale, but it was the poor man's tale that constituted the design for the plot. Yet, although his stories treat of the poor and the oppressed, they usually are gay and tender; sometimes they amuse by the sheer insanity of the theme. The author knew and understood the spirit of the people about whom he wrote. As the translators put it, "He was . . . a genius whose writings are the perfect

expression of a people, their mind, their heart, their wit. . . ."

The collection starts off with an anecdote in "The Town of the Little People," where none but the poor live. The Baron de Rothschild is promised eternal life by one seeking alms if he will but come there to live because, "since Kasrilevka has been a town, no rich man has ever died there." There are other stories about Kasrilevka—the story of the twins who quarreled over the single synagogue seat left by their departed father and who then refused to talk to one another because the other would not accept it; the tale of Tevye, who wins a fortune through fear; the trip across the ice-gripped river of the Jew hurrying home for Passover; the story of the tailor who bought a goat.

Some of the stories are long-drawn out, like "The Enchanted Tailor," or jerky in style, like "Two Dead Men," or lacking in sustained interest, like "The Clock That Struck Thirteen." On the other hand, some convey the delightful, human touch associated with the teller of inconsequential tales who starts with, "Once there was a man named Shimmen-Eli who lived in Zolodievka, a little town in the district of Mazapevka, not far from Haplapovitch and Kozodoievka (between Yampoli and Strishtch on the road that runs from Pischi-Yaboda through Petchi-Hvost to Tetrevitz and from there to Yehupetz)." Sholom Aleichem is an artist in picturing his people's way of living; thus, no matter how poor a town, "no Jew has gone hungry there on the Sabbath. Is it possible that there is a Jew who does not have fish for the Sabbath? If he has no fish, then he has meat. If he has no meat, then he has herring. If he has no herring, then he has white bread. If he has no white bread, then he has black bread and onions. If he has no black bread and onions, then he borrows some from his neighbor. Next week, the neighbor will borrow from him. 'The world is a wheel and it keeps turning!' "

There is the description of the drunkard who "became so foggy that no matter . . . how many corners he turned, he was unable to find his way home. It began to look as if the street in which he lived had decided to play hide-and-go-seek with him. There it was in front of him, winking to him with all the flickering candles in all the small windows, and when he took another step he found himself bumping his forehead into a wall. Where did the wall come from? As long as he could remember, there had never been a wall here in the middle of the street. Someone must have put up a woodshed here. Imagine the impudence—building woodsheds right in the middle of the street!"

Another source of humor is the grotesque misquotations by self-styled authorities, as "I have picked up some French myself. . . . If someone says to me, *'Parlez-vous Français?'* ('How are you feeling these days?') I say, *'Merci, bonjour.'* (Not bad, praise the Lord')."

Perhaps the most moving *comédie-drame* in the book is "The Convoy," in which the rich man, the poor man, and the simple son are sent off to jail. Here is epitomized all the human emotion of a father's grief over the death of his child, expressed in simple terms, the arrogance of the rich man who has forgotten his fellow men, and the apprehension of the boy who is bewildered and afraid. Sholom Aleichem here writes tenderly and sensitively.

There is a glossary of terms at the end of the book, but the glossary is hardly necessary. The tales are so human and pathetic that one savors, without the slightest effort, the lives of the characters who people the abundant pages of this delightful collection of stories.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Saga of the Engine Room

IN THE FIRST WATCH. By William McFee. New York: Random House. 1946. 334 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

EXCEPT for his service as a sub-lieutenant in the First World War, William McFee left the sea and, in nautical terms, "swallowed the anchor" thirty-five years ago. Yet his memories of his service in the engine rooms of ocean tramps which fill his latest book are as fresh and detailed as if the events had occurred only yesterday. Here is McFee at his best, the McFee of "Casuals of the Sea," before he had invented his stock character, Chief Engineer Spenlove. McFee seems to have been born with salt water and a touch of engine oil in his blood. He took to the outmoded and clumsy old steamers sailing out of Glasgow, after a youthful attempt to sell laundry machines, as a duck takes to water. For four years he lived in stuffy and smelly cabins with a window looking down on the ponderous Scotch boilers which he nursed through voyages to the Mediterranean and the Orient. The crews who manned these incredible floating museum pieces were a heterogeneous collection of illiterate Russians, Turks, Greeks, and wharfside Britishers, of whom the reader is only dimly aware. The captains who ruled on the bridge, the chiefs and subordinate engineers below decks, make up the flesh-and-blood characters who have now become by the alchemy of this book a lasting part of the literature of the sea.

"In the First Watch" is sentimental and nostalgic in the finest meaning of the words, for it is an account of the best years of a sturdy and gifted young man, eager for experience, and fitted by instinct and ancestry for the sea in the days when men and ships had only shortly emerged from sail and had not yet reached the hard proficiency of Diesel and oil-driven steam engines. This particular apprentice was not only so good at his task that he became a chief engineer in three years, but he had already published his first book, "Letters of an Ocean Tramp." He knew that he was not going to spend his life on shipboard, to retire at fifty to a suburban villa.

The dour and talkative men who became his friends for a time, the strange ports, the cafés and the reasonably innocent adventures ashore were so much material for a novelist. Engineer McFee became a sympathetic listener and observer, ears and mind stretched for material which he was to use for the rest of his life. That his one book and his desire to go to America made him an oddity to his companions, who had nothing but the sea ahead of them, did not prevent them from liking him. He was as good as any of them and better than most. It was the most perfect education for a writer that could be imagined. The reader need not look for the romantic seascape of Conrad, or for philosophical sailor men. These British engineers, mates, and captains were made of tough and unimaginative material; the seas were either rough or calm, with no mention made of sunsets or pale trees on the horizon. To these men foreign harbors were usually dirty places where you either had fun ashore or you didn't. America was a place where the commission men and the ship chandlers robbed you and the dock was attached to a Brooklyn slum, too far for the pleasures of Broadway. Mr. McFee has managed to create from their creaking old ships, from his mates of long ago, from his portrait of his own eager and sympathetic self an autobiography that the reader will always remember with delight.

—*Leja Gorska*

"Here is William McFee at his best."

Adolescence in Indiana

CLEMENTINE. By Peggy Goodin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1946. 246 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

MISS GOODIN'S is the first humorous novel ever to win the Avery Hopwood award, so the dust jacket says. It tells the story of a young Indiana girl from the middle of her year in fifth grade to the end of her career as a high-school sophomore. This is a painful period in any person's life, and any record of it can only be in the nature of a seismological graph, a jagged line showing the impact of a rational soul on an irrational world. During it the wild birds of the heart and mind are caged by conventions, economics, and morals. Any laughter which results from the sight of this imprisonment is gentle, and comes from those who have themselves suffered incarceration and learned the secret of its discipline. It is a difficult subject to handle, and for every such master as Booth Tarkington there are a thousand who try and fail. In the case of Miss Goodin it is, as Dr. Johnson remarked about the lady preacher, not so much how well she has succeeded in doing it as the fact that she has succeeded in doing it at all.

The early adventures of Clementine Kelley parallel the adventures usually experienced by small boys. Clementine at eleven felt a natural disgust with her sex, since at that time it contained, for her, not a single advantage. She wanted to be a football player and a good fist-fighter. By perseverance and practice she finally attained proficiency in both arts, only to find, suddenly, that she had reached the peak of her physical prowess while the boys casually went on getting bigger and stronger. In a final desperate, bitter, bloody battle with Hank, she lost. She wept for hours, and then, for a reason she could not define, she took the hair she had torn from Hank's head and put it tenderly away in an envelope. Four years later Hank gave her his Hi-Y pin and they began to go steady. About the same time Clementine developed an odd fondness for babies. If there is no more to the development of a woman than Miss Goodin reports for Clementine, then men will be glad to know it. They are under the impression that something a great deal more mysterious takes place.

As for the declaration that this is a humorous novel, that is something which perhaps ought not to have been said. It is never quite safe, for instance, to say that a woman is virtuous, or that a man is honest. There are humorous episodes in the book, but mostly it is the story of how an average American girl grows up in an average Middlewestern town.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Wallace's Russian Tour

SOVIET ASIA MISSION. By Henry A. Wallace, with Andrew J. Steiger. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 254 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

MR. WALLACE'S book is more than a report of the good-will journey on which, in the spring of 1944, Franklin Roosevelt sent the author to Siberia, Soviet Central Asia, Outer Mongolia, and China. It is at once a fascinating travel book, a story of a remarkable adventure, and an illuminating interpretation of the countries and peoples the author visited. The interpretation gains color and validity from Wallace's two great loves: soil and people.

An expert agriculturist, he knows his American soil as few Americans do, and his observing eyes and well-trained mind prompt him to draw contrasts and make comparisons between Russia and China, America and Russia, China and Russia, that are graphic and suggestive. In the China of today, he records, it takes from four to five farm families to raise surplus food for one urban family, which was the condition of America 150 years ago. But in the America of today one farm family grows enough surplus produce to feed from four to five families in the city. Here in a nutshell is the basic source of China's troubles. Wallace observes that Komsomolsk, Russia's thirteen-year-old city in the Far East, already boasts more highly-trained engineers than all China, that it has an oil refinery to convert Sakhalin crude oil into 95 octane aviation gas, a huge bomber factory which "looks like a Boeing plant in Seattle," and a shipyard that builds cruisers. China has none of these.

Most of the book, and by far the most exciting part, is devoted to Siberia, which Wallace rightly terms "Russia's Wild West." Stretching over one-eighth of the land mass of the earth, its northeastern point almost touches Alaska, its south borders for thousands of miles on Manchuria, Outer Mongolia, China. Wallace found Siberian people "hardy and vigorous." They are determined to master their rich and vast territory. Here are interminable forests, rich agricultural lands, and new cities some of which the author was the first American to visit. High up north is the city of Magadan; started in 1933 it now teems with a population of 40,000, has a fine harbor with docks to berth three ships at one time, and a machine tool plant so modern that it can manufacture spare parts for the fleet of 1800 trucks which serve the outlying territories.

"In Siberia," says Wallace, "science and settlement go hand in hand," science being the tool by which man masters nature's wilderness. In Irkutsk, one of Siberia's oldest cities, center of Siberian learning and drama, 87 per cent of the high school graduates attend the university. In Magadan the percentage rises to 90. Wallace visited Novo-Sibirsk, Siberia's "Chicago"; Ulan-Ude, capital of Soviet Buryat Republic; Krasnoyarsk on the mighty river Yenisey; Chita, whose outlying lands made him think of cattle ranches in Montana, and the village of Shushenskoye where Lenin spent three years in exile. He journeyed to Lake Baikal, the largest and deepest fresh water sea in the entire world.

From Siberia the author flew to Soviet Central Asia, to Tashkent, capital of the Uzbek Republic, with over a million population; to Alma Ata, capital of the Kazakh Republic, and almost as large as the city of Denver. Both republics impressed him with the great industrial and agricultural pioneering they are undergoing. The Kazakh Republic is rich in molybdenum, tungsten, lead, tin, and uranium, the source of atomic energy.

Wallace has the rare faculty of readily identifying himself with whichever country and whatever people he visits, and of talking to strangers in terms which command confidence and which are within their immediate experience. That is what makes his book both readable and significant. He is human enough to have strayed away from his party into a Siberian forest, to pick up a spade and help a peasant turn up the soil in his garden, to teach the wife of the Chinese governor in Sinkiang how to plant the strawberries he had brought with him from Russia's Alma Ata.

—Press Association.

Henry Wallace "has the rare faculty of readily identifying himself with whichever country and whatever people he visits."

Wallace realizes that the one billion people who live in Asia, with about 80 per cent of them subsisting largely on rice, present a challenge and an opportunity to Russia and America. He hopes and advocates an understanding between the two most powerful nations in the world that will result not in conflict but in coöperation, for their own good and for the good of Asia's millions. Yet it seems to this writer that he does not sufficiently recognize or emphasize the chief source of clash between Moscow and Washington as well as London. After reading his book it becomes dramatically evident that wherever Russia penetrates she proceeds at once and with zeal to undermine and destroy feudalism, Asia's ancient scourge. Russia introduces a new system of land tenure, disinherits Buddhist monks and other hereditary masters of valuable pasture lands, opens schools to all children and makes provision for their higher education, establishes a health service to combat local plagues and such diseases as syphilis and tuberculosis, brings in the machine age and educates natives to man it, provides jobs for all, caters to the national pride of Asiatic peoples by fostering their own language and their own culture, and eliminates all suggestions of the white man's superiority. This in substance is what the author observed wherever he journeyed in Asia.

But while Russia has evolved a method of her own to root out feudalism, neither we nor England have given it much attention, except in the homelands. Secretary of State Byrnes knows well enough that the American Civil War was fought to kill feudalism in the South. Bevin, the Socialist British Foreign Minister, cannot possibly cherish sympathy for a feudal system of society. Yet neither Byrnes nor Bevin can match Molotov in Russia's onslaught on feudalism in Asia or its surviving heritages in the Balkans and in such lands as Poland and Hungary. Were America and England to work out in their own fashion a method for ridding the world of feudalism as adroitly as Russia does, half of the real difficulties which crop up in international conferences would vanish.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the Small State Obsolete?

TWO WORLDS. By William B. Ziff. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 335 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. M. MacIver

MR. Ziff has a way with him. He writes with gusto. There is vivid drama in his presentation of the troubles that beset our world. He is forthright and hard-hitting, and many of his observations are shrewd and pithy. He is eminently tough-minded. He is all for the cold realities, and with his flailing pen he lays low all who think in other terms. He allies himself with destiny, and in the end he casts his beam through the darkness that envelops us to reveal in sharp detail the only road that leads to the promised land. Nowhere has he displayed these qualities more strongly than in this book, from its opening sentences on the "demonstration" at Hiroshima, where a host of other human problems were "etched in a fantasy of giant shadows grimly outlined in the glare of this fantastic explosion."

Immediately Mr. Ziff plunges us into the full horror of the situation. The bomb will not itself stop wars, it will only make them more deadly. "The first blows of World War III already may have been struck in China and Iran." Social man is everywhere demoralized, and "this world-wide soul sickness and universal neurosis will remain for a generation at least." Everywhere there are festering vast antagonisms, between Nordic and non-Nordic man, between the dark and the Caucasian races, between classic imperialism and the bitterly resistant subject peoples, between the feudal and the modern world, between different theocratic systems that inflexibly seek to dominate. And above all these issues there towers the immense triumphant bulk of sovietism.

These are the conditions. Back of them lie certain massive and inevitable trends. For example, the small state is obsolete. "It is grotesque to think of such states as Estonia, Greece, or even Italy, in the role of sovereign corporations defending their right to separatism." They are the predestined prey of the few expansive powers that alone can be sovereign in the new political scheme of things, and their very existence is a continuous incitement to the war of these great powers. Economically they are no longer viable. They must confine their economic life within the most restricted limits. On the other hand, the day of the immense federal state has arrived. "Decisive power no longer is the result of various ententes and combinations of states where shifting alliances determine the existing balance of power. Today there are only two states which answer the definition by which power can be measured. These are the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." Two others may perhaps qualify in time —these are China and Brazil. As for Britain, she represents the decaying empire of the old style. Britain, says Mr. Ziff in his picturesque manner, "is like an old bull seal which has succeeded in collecting the greater part of the eligible females on his piece of rock, and who insists on maintaining and even adding to his harem though the physical strength which created his supremacy no longer exists. The price for such ambition is challenge, and a renewed battle to the death."

Lest we be swept away by the urgent impressiveness of Mr. Ziff it may be well to raise some questions at this point. First, as to the situation of the small state, which category includes for Mr. Ziff the great majority of existing states. It is perfectly true that in a military sense they are helpless, but it does not follow that economically they are outmoded. This would be true only in a world in which economic self-sufficiency was a condition of economic success, and there is only one state in the whole world that can even aspire to the economically undesirable idea of autarky—that is, Soviet Russia. Even in our militaristic world various small states, like Denmark and Sweden and Holland, have been in a favorable position. This consideration is not itself an argument against the federation of small states for the sake of greater security. We raise it because Mr. Ziff tends to identify military strength with economic advantage. It is time we ceased to confuse interest and power. The confusion bedevils our comprehension of the international problem. Power is inherently exclusive; economic interest has no boundaries and is forever being injured by the very exclusiveness of power.

In the second place, Mr. Ziff dismisses too lightly all the states that do not "answer the definition of power," including France, the ex-enemy states, and above all Britain. There is an undertone of bitterness, even of contempt, in his references to Britain. He pictures an archaic empire desperately clinging to an-

William B. Ziff: "Only two states answer the definition by which power can be measured"—the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

tiquated and forlorn measures in a vain endeavor to stave off the inevitable process of decay. It is of course true that the relative standing of Britain in the world of power has suffered serious decline. It is true that her economic position has been seriously weakened. But she cannot be written off as an historical has-been. Mr. Ziff nowhere recognizes that Britain long ago ceased to be an example of the "classic empire," and that its world position has depended on its conversion into the focus of a commonwealth of free nations. English policy has been far too reluctant, especially with respect to India, to accept the conditions of conversion, but it is not unadaptable, as its most recent statesmanship has revealed. Mr. Ziff's bias, we shall see, has an unfortunate effect on his own proposals for a new international order.

Let us examine them. The United Nations is just another league, an anachronism at its birth. The nation of "equal sovereignty"—which of course the UN gives merely lip-service to—is preposterous. The whole organization is flimsily constructed on a basis of hollow pretensions. The great powers place no stock in it. They will proceed in their own way as if it did not exist. It has no authority, and no law emanates from it. It offers no security, no hope to war-weary mankind.

In reading all this we might cherish the thought that Mr. Ziff is arguing for a strong world organization, invested with authority and empowered to guard the common interests of the nations. Alas, no such conclusion is to be drawn. Common interest has no place among the "re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alities" that power contemplates. Power will not submit to law. The "interests" of the two powers that alone meet the modern definition are flatly incompatible. Turning over the bomb to a world authority is unthinkable. So Mr. Ziff returns to his observation of the inevitable trends of modern society. Great federal unions hold the future. Against the great federal union of Soviet Russia —which Mr. Ziff describes at length in a highly effective account—there must grow to greater size the great federal union of the United States of America. It is essential that the two come to an "understanding"—that is the hope of peace and order. But the United States, instead of fearing the expansionism of Russia, must regard it as an example to be followed. It must federate the Western hemisphere, and then go on. In fact, "the American federal system, like the Russian, is theoretically capable of embracing the entire globe." Instead of "grotesquely" regarding Britain as a great power we must regard that failing empire as an outpost of our own system of defense. Mr. Ziff admits some difficulties in the way of indefinite expansion and has a secondary scheme of five great federal unions.

To reach this conclusion Mr. Ziff expends much zeal, much virtuosity, much ingenuity, and a remarkable array of forceful words. Perhaps part of the trouble is that the words are too forceful.

Not Child's Play

IT IS DARK UNDERGROUND. By Loo Pin-Fei. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 200 *pp.* $2.75.

By Helena Kuo

WHEN I had turned the last page and closed the covers of "It Is Dark Underground," I heard myself say, "Do you know what you are holding in your hands? It is a human heart that beats and bleeds!"

More excitement and more intensity are packed in two pages of this book than in the whole life experience of many of us put together. This is the stirring story of the Special Youth Group, which the Japanese called "The Fire Gods," which operated underground activities in Peiping, Tientsin, and Shanghai during the first four war years. The group was sponsored by neither the Chungking Government nor the Yenan Communists. They were just a handful of unarmed teen-aged students who fought and braved death and torture for freedom's sake, because they knew what freedom meant.

Many "now it can be told" books about the occupation in Europe have been published. This book is something different altogether, not only because it is the first of its kind that has come out of China, but because it is a children's story which is definitely no child's play.

Loo Pin-Fei is a twenty-seven-year-old Chinese lad now living in America. His father was a mild-looking professor who became governor of Shantung Province. His mother, an alert and capable business woman, made a fortune for the family by developing her rug industry. It was against this background of comfort and luxury that Loo grew up. Many of his brothers and sisters had been sent to study in America before him.

The story began in Shanghai in the summer of 1937. The author was only eighteen and a high school graduate. He had two favorite schoolmates—Ting, a hearty and trusting athlete, and Kao, a bespectacled scholarly sort of boy who disliked sport as much as Ting loved it. Together they witnessed the fall of the city and the suffering and humiliation that were brought upon their people. They saw with their own eyes the defiance to the enemy expressed by their countrymen. One man leaped from the top of a tall building to his death while calling "Long live China!" Another lost his life while hurling a hand grenade into a marching Japanese column. The city had fallen, but the people would not continue to stay conquered.

That gave them an idea. They decided to engage in some underground work.

They found five other students who had the same idea in mind, among them two girls. They made their pledge, but they did not know what to do next. They had no money, no weapons, no influence, no experience, and above all, no program and no objective. They could not let their families in on the secret, and they had no assurance as to whom they could trust. But they laid the ground work.

A year later they all met in Peiping. They had no difficulty in recruiting new members. The number soon increased to two thousand. A branch was set up in Tientsin. They were ready to work.

In the months that followed, the group caused the Japanese considerable loss of life and property damage. Their activities included the demolition of Japanese ammunition and supply dumps and the assassination of Chinese traitors and Japanese officers. The author took part in almost all of these activities. They, too, had their casualties. Fan, one of the girl leaders, rubbed shoulders with death while jumping from a fast moving train. Ting was captured and stood up to torture like a real man. But the worst was to come. A job was assigned to one of the younger members to burn a Japanese theatre in Tientsin. The bomb he left did not blow up, and lying beside it was a forgotten school exercise book containing his name. The Japanese secret police tracked down the members. More than half of them were either captured, tortured, or killed. Kao escaped to Shanghai.

Even Shanghai was not safe for him. It was almost impossible to go to Chungking from the occupied coastal cities. The only alternative was to sail to America. The author's friends gave him a "farewell party," and that meant to blow up the dance halls where the rich and idle young men sought their pleasure. "What we hated most were the young without rebellion," the author stated. "From our standpoint there was more involved than the degrading spectacle of young people playing while their countrymen suffered and died. . . . Unless the youth of China united, unless they had a common purpose, unless they were prepared to make sacrifices, the future looked dark for China. For the young are China's future."

Loo is now in America studying the workings of democracy. With the same courage and ingenuity displayed by the Special Youth Group, many young men and women of China will undoubtedly continue to take up the responsibilities of rebuilding China and laying the foundations for a permanent peace of the world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And Never the Twain?

THE MAHATMA AND THE WORLD. By Krishnalal Shridharani. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 247 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

INDIA focuses the world's attention. India will be free. Her ultimate liberation by an act of voluntary British renunciation and in accordance with an amicable agreement between mighty raj and four hundred million unhappy subjects would be a permanent monument to the Gandhian way of life. It would restore man's faith in his ability to solve complicated problems by negotiation and compromise rather than by clash of arms. The shape of the peace certainly does not sustain any such faith. But then the very idea that superiority in steel production, technical ingenuity for destruction, and the availability of adequate quantities of human flesh should determine the future of peoples, territories, and social systems is as fantastic and romantic as the jousting of armor-encased knights for the hand of fair lady or the possession of a county.

The war, the failure of the peace, and the attempt to free India without violence again raise the ancient question of the yogi and the commissar. After the First World War, Germany turned to the mysticism of Dostoievsky and to Indian and Chinese philosophies. Arthur Holitscher, a prominent German journalist of the nineteen twenties who knew Lenin, went to visit Gandhi and wrote a book entitled "Lenin and Gandhi." Rabindranath Tagore and Jawaharlal Nehru, friends and disciples of the Mahatma, visited Russia in the same confused twenties. Nehru, at least, was groping for a synthesis of Russia and India.

Today many Indians, including Nehru, and Pearl Buck and many Occidentals incline to the view (or is it the hope?) that India is itself a synthesis of East and West. Gandhi is the East; he denies the West. Nehru, his political heir, knows that the East cannot live without the West.

But neither can the West live without the East. The West is becoming the wild West. It cannot tame its lust for power and wealth. Westerners pursue power for the sake of power and wealth for the sake of wealth. When the end hallows any means democracy dies, for democracy depends completely on respect for the means. How can words be free, how can there be honesty or ethics when all words and all minds are harnessed to an end? Totalitarians take the freedom of the word away from the individuals because they need those words for the manufacture of lies. Words, and men, are sacrificed on the altar of the god of power.

—*George Maillard Kesslere, B.P.*

Krishnalal Shridharani "is enough of an Easterner to comprehend [Gandhi's philosophy] and to reduce it to simple terms for Westerners."

Now Gandhi, who never calls himself a democrat, is the finest democrat because he believes in the sanctity of means. Often the doing is more important to him than the thing done. "It is a tragedy of the first magnitude," Gandhi declares, "that millions have ceased to use their hands as hands." This explains why he is anti-machinery. "I do not believe that multiplication of wants, and machinery contributed to supply them, is taking the world a step nearer its goal," the Mahatma writes. "I wholeheartedly detest this mad desire to destroy distance and time, to increase animal appetites and to go to the ends of the earth in search of their satisfaction."

Gandhi's loincloth and mud hut have been called a pose. The millions and his millionaire friends would build him a palace and weigh him in diamonds. But he prefers to strive for an inner light in a lowly village without electricity. When he had the strength he twirled the spinning wheel daily.

For Gandhi, you do in order to be; most others do in order to have. Renunciation and asceticism are normal where life's aim is being. What you desire may be a pearl necklace or a yacht or a salon or a hundred million cowed subjects. To acquire them you rush madly forward, dropping scruples and inner peace enroute. When you succeed the happiness is in direct ratio to the joy experienced in the process of acquisition. Where the only pleasure is in having, whether it is having possessions or having power, success does not satisfy. Success merely stimulates further effort to get more possessions and more power. Who retires with a million dollars at the age of forty-five? What dictator resigns?

So the yogi is not much good as dictator or commissar or capitalist. Neither are commissars and capitalists the best friends of democracy. In Russia, the yogis are under the ground. In the democracies, yogi, commissar, and capitalist compete; sometimes, indeed, they compete within the same person.

The Gestapo and the G.P.U. would have made short shrift of Mahatma Gandhi; their violence would have put a quick end to his non-violence. The British arrest him, lock him in the Aga Khan's palace, release him, and invite him to the Viceroy's palace to discuss the liquidation of the empire. Yogis come with democracy.

The West needs more yogis. I do not think that an India free to choose will accept commissars or liberty-denying capitalists. Yet India, as well as the rest of Asia, cannot content itself with being. Merely being may develop the soul and kill the body. The body of man in India requires food, raiment, shelter, medicine, and entertainment. The machine offers many benefits.

Is it impossible to reconcile the yogi with the machine? Can the yogi keep a check on the manager? Jawaharlal Nehru is neither all yogi, all commissar, nor all capitalist. How much of each goes into his make-up? How much of each would a Western statesman require if he were to meet the demands of his time and task?

The West, land of poverty amidst plenty, fills the mind with steel, and that mind then attributes virtue to strength. Stalin is therefore comprehensible to the Western mind even when his acts are mysterious because every dictator is a law unto himself and hence incalculable. The Western mind, however, understands and appreciates Gandhi only in proportion to the yogi in it. But the yogi is an "impractical dreamer," he does not "get results," he is "a fanatic," "a man out of this world." The Westerner is afraid of being a yogi. The West has crucified yogis.

Modern man's choice is between humanitarianism and totalitarianism, between the free individual and state and private monopolies, between thought and force, between Gandhi

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who dares to be wrong and to fail and the infallible dictator who must always win.

But if the West accepted more of Gandhi, would Gandhi accept more from the West? Today, more than ever, the West needs Gandhi. An India freed by Labor and Gandhi-ism would act as a tonic on the West. If emancipation does not come soon it cannot long be delayed.

These ruminations were touched off by the reading of Krishnalal Shridharani's new book. The book is gentle, tender, and easy to understand. As a young man, Shridharani followed the Mahatma in his famous march to the sea to make salt in defiance of British orders. Shridharani has a deep affection for Gandhi. But he has lived long in the West. For him it is "My India, My America." He is what I have called an American Indian, an American Indian from Asia. He cannot, therefore, accept all of Gandhi's philosophy of a machineless twentieth century. Yet he is enough of an Easterner to comprehend it and to reduce it to simple terms for Westerners.

The book is in a way a biography of Gandhi with emphasis on the development of his ideas. It is based on Gandhi's big autobiography and on other data. It is an interesting book.

An Old-School Internationalist

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Edwin Borchard. Indianapolis: National Foundation Press. 1946. 69 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

TO Professor Borchard the United Nations is based on a false doctrine. Collective security, the notion that peace-loving states should combine to prevent aggression, is unsound in theory and unworkable in practice. Professor Borchard regrets the disappearance of the sounder and more practical international law of the pre-Wilson era, founded on the doctrines of neutrality and non-intervention. Under international law as it was before Wilson, the internal affairs of a state were its own exclusive concern. Above all its freedom to keep out of other people's wars was respected. If other nation-states went to war, well-defined rules, respected by the belligerents, regulated and permitted trade between neutrals and belligerents. As described by Professor Borchard, it was a very orderly and satisfying business.

The peace settlement of 1919 and its doctrine of collective action to enforce the peace destroyed much of the structure of international law. Even before 1919 Wilson had violated the principle of non-intervention by his Mexican policy that governments should be recognized only when they came into power by "orderly process." The League of Nations and its doctrine of collective security—now carried over into the United Nations—gave the coup de grace to the older but more practical system of international order.

International law was based on understandable principles; collective security is essentially political and without ascertainable standards, argues Professor Borchard. How can you define aggression? The experts worked for years at Geneva on this question and could not find an answer. When you come down to it, he asks, is not an aggressor state one which is doing something you do not like?

What has collective security substituted for the order of the international law which it destroyed? Looking at history, Professor Borchard finds that the nation-states, deprived of the accepted rules of international law, have resorted more and more to self-sufficiency, armaments, and aggression. The effect of the new system, he says, is only to perpetuate an unjust status quo and therefore to embitter international relations and promote strife.

What would Professor Borchard do about this? UN cannot keep the peace as it is, he says. Nor can it evolve into a super-state—an idea which he dismisses in one sentence with the pronouncement that the nations are unwilling to abandon nationalism. There is therefore nowhere to go but backward. Professor Borchard's solution apparently would be to reinstate the principles of international law as they were before Wilson.

Now these ideas—familiar though they may be to students of international law and of the writings of John Bassett Moore and Professor Borchard himself — will probably be somewhat of a shock to the lay reader. And, indeed, it does seem unbelievable that anyone can suggest or imply that the best policy for a world threatened with atomic warfare is to go back to nineteenth-century nationalist isolation and polite disregard of politely conducted wars in which everybody not in the fighting conducts polite trade in non-contraband goods.

The critical side of Professor Borchard's book is more valuable. We can agree with many of his doubts about collective security. Its first recent essay—the League of Nations—was a complete failure. The United Nations adds nothing new in principle to give us reasonable hope that UN will succeed when the League failed. UN, like its predecessor, is based on the undiluted sovereignty of the big powers. The possibilities of its Economic and Social Council are great; but the Security Council—where the issue of peace or war will be decided —is nothing more than a convenient mechanism for consultation among the Big Three. It is therefore no stronger than the measure of agreement which the Three can maintain.

But having said that, we are not compelled to seek the direction of improvement in the past. A revolution having taken place in the development of the scientific weapons of mass destruction, a revolution in international political organization, looking to new solutions—not past discredited techniques—is necessary. The task is not to make rules how wars shall be conducted. The task is to make war illegal and impossible. The relationship of nations with each other in the future must be governed by a world law, superior to national sovereignties and enforced by a world organization powerful enough to prevent any nation from breaking the peace.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Athelstane, in "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott. 2. Adam Dishart, in "The Little Minister," by James M. Barrie. 3. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare. 4. Ben Brown Sr., in "Under the Lilacs," by Louisa May Alcott. 5. Ulysses, in "The Odyssey," by Homer. 6. Sir Launfal, in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell. 7. Tommy Hambledon, in "A Toast to Tomorrow," by Manning Coles. 8. "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson. 9. Tom Sawyer, Joe Harper, and Huck Finn, in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. 10. "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dark Days in Hong Kong

HONG KONG HOLIDAY. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 305 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP HAMBURGER

MOST of the two dozen stories comprising "Hong Kong Holiday" appeared first in *The New Yorker*. Read as a whole, these perceptive accounts of life in Japanese-occupied Hong Kong have a striking unity. Miss Hahn has painted an adroit picture of the dark days following Pearl Harbor.

Her picture is a highly personal one, and "Hong Kong Holiday" is pretty much of a family portrait. Therein lies its strength. For in telling the story of keeping her daughter, Carola, alive; of getting food packages to Carola's father, Major Boxer, interned nearby; of the Eurasian girls with whom she bunked, and their assorted offspring, amahs, cooks, and relatives; of the obliging Japanese spy sent to snoop on the Hahn menage—in telling these particulars she has succeeded in relating a good deal more about the realities of an occupied city than has many a blueprint on the subject.

"There isn't much to think about in Japanese-occupied territory," she writes. "You have no daily news or books or music. You can't talk forever about the price of eggs and cabbage. So you fasten your mind on people." Some of them are worth fastening on, including Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, the British director of medical services in Hong Kong, as rigidly proper, coldly efficient, and generally devoted a public servant as can be imagined. Dr. Selwyn-Clarke tended the sick and wounded all day and virtually all night. The doctor never stopped. He scared the daylights out of his wife, for as each night wore on and the doctor didn't show up back home she thought he had been killed for sure. Miss Hahn moved into the Selwyn-Clarke house for a while right after hostilities started, and the doctor scared the daylights out of her, too. Nothing fazed this man. Miss Hahn records a breakfast conversation: "I trust you slept as well as could be expected?" asked the doctor. "Powwwww," went a shell somewhere near by. I winced. "Pretty well, thank you," I said. . . . "Wheee-eeeyeeeeeeeee bam!" said a shell on the hill behind us. "I beg your pardon, what did you say?" I asked, leaning forward. "I said perhaps you would prefer red rice. It has more vitamin content. We are rather fond of red rice here."

Ah King, Miss Hahn's Chinese cook, is another imperturbable character. For imperturbability, he puts even Dr. Selwyn-Clarke in the shade. As a matter of fact, Ah King is probably the leading man of the scenario—Major Boxer himself being only a shadowy, romantic figure behind barbed wire, strong and silent (and imperturbable). Ah King never makes a false move. He rescues Carola from grave danger. He turns marauding Japanese soldiers from the house. He performs miracles in the kitchen, on short rations. In other words, he rules the roost. Fine fellow, Ah King.

When Miss Hahn thinks of people, she thinks of Captain Yamaguchi, a Japanese officer who came for dinner and an evening of scientific conversation. "What are scientific composition of glass?" the captain wanted to know, and "out of the misty past, something—not much, but something—came and whispered itself into my ear. 'Silicon dioxide is an important ingredient,' I said loudly. . . ." Another Japanese, Lieutenant Watanabe—"Chick, as we called him for short"—hung around a good deal in the line of duty. He was the spy, but he turned out to be rather useful, especially when it came to procuring unprocurable items such as butter, flour, tinned fruit, sugar, baby food.

Miss Hahn may have gone to the movies with Chick, but she held few illusions about the Japanese. "The military-camp topic was very ticklish ground," she says. "Ever since the British troops had been interned they had been cut off completely from the outside world. Every day crowds of women stood as near as they could get to the barbed-wire enclosure . . . trying to pick their men out from the mass. . . . A Chinese girl, too insistent on throwing a package of food over the wire, was bayoneted and killed. There was going to be a worse time soon when no one would be allowed to stand still within sight of the camp." And there was the official corruption: "For some months there had been a lot of official kidnapping and holding for ransom. It was one of the chief activities of the gendarmes, who really ran the city behind the facade of the civil government. They had certain ways of raising money—the black market in rice, the looting of warehouses, and now this kidnapping called 'arresting.' Usually the arrest was made secretly. . . . If your husband or your son disappeared you simply set about finding out the right man to pay and the right sum to pay him."

Finally: repatriation. There is a last lingering look at Major Boxer, behind the wire. Carola, approximately two by then, almost ruined the farewell: "She stood up in the ricksha seat and waved. She waved at a prisoner of war. People in Hong Kong have been shot for that. Worse still, she shouted. Loud and clear, her shrill voice sounded through the silent camp: 'Daddy, bye-bye! Daddy, bye-bye!"

Miss Hahn and a good many other Americans were transported to Goa, in Portugese India, aboard the Japanese ship *Teia Maru*. At Goa, they transferred to the *Gripsholm*, which had brought Japanese out from America on *their* way home. It was a memorable voyage for Miss Hahn, who spent much of her time observing the rougher element aboard—a crowd of scamps known as the Dead End Kids, who were handy with bottles and dames. To reach their quarters, one had to wend one's way past quantities of missionaries singing a continuous medley of hallelujahs in the ship's corridors, but Miss Hahn feels it was well worth the trouble. So do I.

Emily Hahn "has succeeded in relating more about the realities of an occupied city than many a blueprint on the subject."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 639)

ANDREW LANG:
ADVANCE AUSTRALIA

(On the offer of help from the Australians after the Fall of Khartoum)

But what your fathers were you are
In lands the fathers never knew;
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war;
Your hearts are English, kind and true.

. . . . . .

Sons of the giant ocean isle,
Well England loves you. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Alcan Highway I Sing"

THE BIG ROAD. By Norman Rosten. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1946. 233 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER LAFARGE

IN THE face of the glowing quotes on the jacket of "The Big Road," I'm afraid I shall have to turn in a dissenting opinion. I am sorry to do this, for Mr. Rosten has written a genuine book, one that is obviously the product of a fine writer properly involved in his subject; and his subject—the building of the Alcan Highway—is an epic one in itself, well worth celebrating in verse.

Before I try to say why I think Mr. Rosten has failed in his attempt (as a whole), let me state wherein he has succeeded (in the detail).

The book is full of good poetry. That, in itself, is no mean accomplishment. The scheme adopted of relating the Alcan Highway to the building of other great historical roads, such as the Via Appia, the Road of the Incas, the Wilderness Road, is intelligent and interesting, and is successful in giving a clear historical perspective both to the Alcan Highway and to that entire linking of our present world into the One World we have now to accept and to bring to pass. The passage on Bering's voyage of 1741 is less well defined in relation to the whole, and although it is good in itself, it is stretched beyond its own importance in much the same way as is Mr. Rosten's interpolated treatment of the Lake Ladoga ice-road to Leningrad. Of the Ladoga Road I shall speak later.

The history, the facts, the methods of road construction, the conversations and the humor of the soldiers engaged on Alcan, all are correctly and faithfully reported in every case where there has not been an attempt to lift them into a symbolic importance. Some of the excitement generated in the men who worked on the road, by the race to meet section with section and to complete a heroic-sized task, is transmitted to the reader, so that anyone who wishes to learn what it took to build in so fabulously short a time so difficult and so vital a stretch of highway can learn from this book.

All this is done, and that is a lot to have done. The pity is that more did not come out of so seriously conceived an endeavor.

The narrative poem is a difficult and treacherous medium. It has certain absolute limits and makes equally absolute demands. Perhaps the most important demand is that the poet shall have answered satisfactorily to himself, for every part and for the whole of his poem, the hard question: "Why is this in poetry rather than in prose?" I do not think Mr. Rosten answered that question satisfactorily.

The book is larded richly with factual matter, some of it most detailed, right down to the thickness of layers of a Roman road and the materials used to create those layers. But this is not poetical matter; or can become so only by an integration with, or illumination of, the subject as a whole that this poem does not achieve. These things, here, are the stuff of a learned article: interesting but not taken beyond their interest as facts into an emotional relation with human endeavor.

The poem attempts to create for the reader the atmosphere surrounding the men at work. But this work was the job of soldiers helping to fight a war, and it is an inescapable fact that you cannot transmit their feelings, their moods, their sensations, by any synthetic process. The poem is full of the reported humor of the American G.I. But it is humor reported, it is not new (in its kind), and however funny and engaging, it is reported. In other words, one does not, for a moment, live within the men who speak or do: one watches them through the medium of a report, and the report follows, in essence, the familiar pattern of all other such reports, for its one chance at that original treatment which would transport the reader to the scene, involve him in the struggle, is missed. The poem is neither fact nor fiction: it is synthetic (and I fear, unexperienced) reportage.

Norman Rosten does not answer the question, "Why is this in poetry rather than in prose?"

I spoke of the Ladoga Road. Mr. Rosten has devoted some of his best writing to this, but he has made it sound like all the other things ever written to convince the American reader of the heroism of the Russians. It is so heroic it isn't believable. He has fallen into the same easy error in the treatment (injected rather forcedly) of the soldier who speaks of the Spanish Civil War. It's just too good to be true: like the G.I. ignorance and vulgarity and humor and utter lack of comprehension of *why* they were fighting a war. This is not to say that these things are not moving, are not real, are not the stuff of which a great narrative poem could be made; it is to say that no such poem will be made by reporting the facts where the human being is not fully realized within the orbit of those facts. A narrative poem of people must contain people rather than types or ideologies. It is subject to all the laws of good fiction. Either the poem is to deal with people or with facts. This does neither. If it were to deal fully with the facts, it should be in prose. Newspapers have handled, and well, the reporting.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Rosten, who can write poetry well (the moment he forgets the radio), will subject himself next time to the extreme discipline necessary to answer that question, "Why in poetry?" Until he does so, his narrative poems will fall as far short of his own high mark as does this one.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 158

ZYX WVU TA V ABCZ BD

YBEFA-GBEFA AETXHEX,

ZYVZ AITWXA TH SBFC DVEX

UYTWX TZ GTERA SBFC

GBERXZ.

EYVCWXA IVERWTH—WBPX

V WV IBOX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 157

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

—Coningsby.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atomic Age

THE $200,000,000 REMINDER

ABOARD THE U.S.S. *Appalachian* EN ROUTE TO BIKINI.

HOW does it feel to be on your way to a catastrophe? A deliberate catastrophe, that is—something that happens when concentrated scientific genius pours its highest knowledge into a gadget which acts as though it were a slice of the sun broken off and suddenly come to earth?

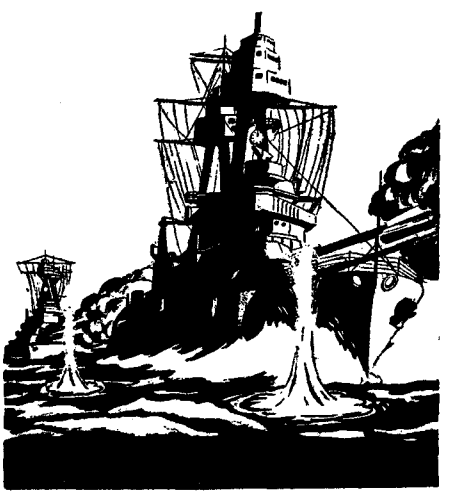
It is a mixed feeling. There is, of course, the primitive, the overpowering lure of the spectacular. Everyone on board feels it, though no one says anything about it. It can't be argued away on moral grounds, because morality is a refinement of the intellect, and the inexorable pull here is upon the emotions. Call it morbid curiosity, call it perverse fascination; but remember that perhaps never before in history have curiosity and fascination been under the pressure of such intense, though negative, stimulation.

But the feeling, to repeat, is mixed. At one and the same time and without any oppressive sense of inconsistency there is the feeling of a grotesque unreality, the feeling of an authorized insanity, the phenomena of common sanction that William Graham Summer wrote about in the "Folkways" when he discussed the power of the mores in giving validity to even the grossest public aberrations.

Thus the cosmic has become the casual. Yesterday we heard a lecture by a geologist who spoke in a matter-of-fact tone as he examined the possibilities of a planetary disaster as the result of the atomic bomb tests. His calm conclusion was that there was very little chance of such an untoward development. He went on from there to consider somewhat more limited dangers, such as the claim that the bomb would set off a major earthquake in the ocean, crack open the earth's crust, and cause a tidal wave of unprecedented size and power. Here, too, he obligingly furnished calm but ample reassurances.

But even more significant than the reassurances was the historic fact—to be reviewed, we hope, by some later historians, if we may indulge in optimism about the future—the historic fact that in the middle of the twentieth century it should have been necessary for scientists to discuss the effects of artificially induced earthquakes and various other *fin du monde* questions. Let it also be recorded that there was nothing unusual or dramatic about these discussions; the scientists might just as easily have been discoursing upon the anthropology of the Micronesians or the comb-footed spiders of Papua.

But this is not a scientists' party. The test is set against a military backdrop, and is by and large an Army and Navy show. The stated purpose is to see what happens to fighting



ships when an atomic bomb goes off. The results will determine not only what changes, if any, are to be made in the way ships are designed, but in their battle formations and harboring arrangements. One bomb will be exploded at an unspecified height above one target, another will be detonated a few feet under the surface. Both bombs are to be Nagasaki models. Yet even on military grounds the tests have been opposed. Even assuming battleships can stand up under anything but a direct hit by an atomic bomb, can they prevent rockets with atomic warheads from blasting the cities? Why would an enemy with a limited or even unlimited supply of atomic weapons bother to use them against secondary or intermediate targets when he can more easily strike at the main objectives? If the historic purpose of the Navy is to protect the homeland, what contribution can the Navy make to the new requirements of defense? Is it possible that a Navy in the next war might come through largely untouched, all dressed up with no place to go because the home ports and home cities were already destroyed?

These are some of the questions that naturally come up in any discussion of the military value of the tests. For their answers, however, we must look not to the military but to the civilian heads of the government. In the absence of a workable cohesive world organization the military cannot be blamed for carrying out their job as they see it.

That is why the present discussions in the United Nations over control of atomic energy help to dramatize the real issue before the world today. This issue is not whether an atomic bomb can pulverize a battleship, but whether the peoples of the world can prevent an atomic war.

Thus we have two contrasting acts in the atomic drama. One act is in New York, where the nations are considering the proposals made by Mr. Baruch to cut deeply into national sovereignties by setting up a rule of law against the manufacture of atomic weapons anywhere. The other act is out here in the Pacific, where Bikini is an expression of atomic power in a world of competitive national sovereignties.

These two acts symbolize the problem and the choice. If we go one way—the way of the Baruch proposals—we can make a pretty fair beginning in the hard struggle for world law. We can abolish the veto in questions related to atomic energy, and go on from there to abolish the veto in all other questions related to world security. It would be absurd to prescribe atomic weapons but permit bacteriological weapons and, indeed, all other weapons of mass destruction to be stockpiled in national arsenals. But with atomic control as a wedge, we can be in a position to build up the United Nations to the point where it has the necessary authority to deal with international lawbreakers before and not after the damage is done. We can develop UN into a body from which no nation can withdraw or secede, and give it direct access to individual lawbreakers rather than deal through the protective covering and perhaps even coloration of national machinery.

BUT if we go the other way, it means that sooner or later—two years or five years or what have you—other nations are going to have their own Bikinis. Sooner or later other nations will be flexing their own atomic muscles. When we get that far we haven't much farther to go before this particular planet stands in a fair way to resemble a nova.

The moral argument against the Bikini tests is not entirely limited to pacifist protestations. There is the

(*Continued on page* 32)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Word Harvest of '45

ALLEN WALKER READ

(*Second of two articles*)

TECHNOLOGICAL advances and inventions account for further additions to 1945's new words. From England comes news of a "jet car," an automobile with a jet drive that now can make 368 miles per hour and probably will make 520 miles per hour. Oddly enough, the year brought forth a plan of a "cyclo-tractor," for use in Germany, as presented by Geoffrey Pyke in the London *Economist*. This is the galley method of using muscle-power, in which multiple-cycle vehicles are pedaled by rows of men, twenty or thirty mounted together, drawing heavy trucks. New passenger coaches planned for the Burlington Railroad are said to have "astral domes," something like a bomber blister on the top, from which passengers can have an unobstructed view.

A plan to have "stratovision" has been made by Westinghouse engineers. In this scheme television beams will be sent from airplanes flying at 30,000 feet, so that a radius of 211 miles can be covered. A big rectifier tube invented in the same laboratories has been named the "ignitron."

An "air-speaker" was developed in the Navy, by which the human voice could be projected as far as five miles. It was especially useful for directing movements when radio silence was necessary, and now after the war it can be used to direct firemen, flood workers, traffic, etc. In the electro-acoustic laboratory at Harvard the engineers developed an "anechoic chamber," but the details of its use are not yet announced. In American hospitals a "telecart" has been in use —a unit something like a teawagon, from which patients in bed can make telephone calls. In London hospitals a "synchrophone" has been announced —a teaching device consisting of a lecture on a gramophone, accompanied by pictures flashed on a small screen.

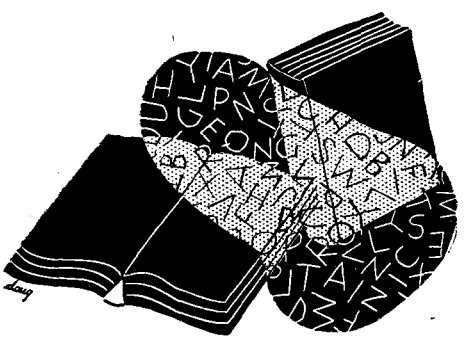
Of less moment is the "tête-à-tête table," for sale in New York stores; it is supported at only one end and can be used for a light meal beside a sofa or bed. News of another invention was issued by a correspondent of the *Progressive Farmer*, September: "I am almost twelve years old and I have used a little device that I call a 'fish scaler.' You just nail a bottle top on a stick with a small end."

Two new elements, numbers 93 and 94 on the scale, have been discovered at the University of California and named *neptunium* and *plutonium*. Two more have been discovered, numbers 95 and 96, christened respectively *americium* and *curium*.

In the field of medicine appears a new drug, *hypholin*, made from the same mold that produces penicillin and vivicillin but of a more complex structure, and efficacious in a large set of additional diseases (*The New York Times*, January 31). Similar in nature is "streptomycin," which aids in recovery from typhoid. From the Micro-biological Institute in Moscow came news of "aspergillin," said to be superior in many respects to penicillin, especially in the treatment of diphtheria. The cosmic science of "biogeochemistry" was publicized in the United States just as its inventor, Professor V. I. Vernadsky of the University of Moscow, died.

Certain vitamin laboratories have discovered a new disease called *tissue starvation*, and it is now widely publicized through advertisements. A new method for treating teeth has been called *airbrasive*; it was developed by Dr. R. B. Black of Corpus Christi, Texas. He wears away the hard surface in treating a cavity by an abrasive, aluminum oxide, propelled by a jet of fast-moving air. This circumvents the need of a buzzing drill and can scarcely be felt by the patient. A new poison for rats, called "1080," is very successful, and the name of the older poison, DDT, is now used as a verb, as in "They have DDTed the garbage."

Let us turn now to questions of word formation. Many new verbs were formed in the course of the year by the simple expedient of converting a noun into a verb. Of this type we have *to bull-session, to candid camera, to cab ride, to orgy, to professor, to rejigger, to Santa Claus*, and *to scapegoat*. In the way of new past participles are found references to "bathtubbed society," a jackrabbited desert highway," "a Purple Hearted soldier," and a "thank-you-maamed hill." The verb *to cathart* is a back formation from *cathartic*.



A prominent verb-maker is the ending *-fy*. The year has provided documentation for *to fairify, to Japanify, to religify, to smartify*, and *to unstatify*. Two such words occur in a saddening report by Dachine Rainer in *Politics*, March: "Except for a small group, . . . all my friends and acquaintances have become zombified. This numbification I know to be general." Similarly from the ending *-ize* we get *to anthropologize, to community-ize* (quite distinct from *to socialize*, according to Henry Schubart in the *New Masses*, April 17), *to little-ize*, and *to toward-ize*. The music critic of *The New Yorker*, August 25, recorded the emergence of the verb *to emotionate*, as in "I am emotionated for the good news of my sweet little family."

OF the prefixes, the most active has been *de-*. A British air marshal spoke of the bombing in Germany as his "de-housing program." In 1944 the words *denazify* and *denazification* were to be found only in the government's planning documents; but in 1945 they burst into widespread popular use. Other new words in this class are *de-blackout, decartelization, decartelize, decontrol, decortication, de-Germanization, deindustralize, derequisition, de-Shintoize*, and *detemporalize*.

Then, the prefix *dis-* has also been active, giving *disaccreditation, disinformation, disoperation*, and *disrecognition*. New verbs are *to dis-O. K.* and *to disadmire*. In translating Hermann Broch's "The Death of Virgil" from the German, Jean Starr Untermeyer was obliged to make up a large set of *un-* words—*un-space, un-dimension, un-art, un-symbol, unremembrance*, etc. The word *improfundity* has hitherto been unrecorded. We hear of "young doctors who want to enter the public service in 'under-doctored' areas" (the *New York Herald Tribune*, January 5). The prefix *counter-* has yielded *countergang* and *counterspoken*.

Various suffixes have been even more active. Let us take first those that make adjectives. The ending *-ish* has produced the words of the following phrases: "a kitchen-gossipish book," "middle-of-the-roadish Mr. Truman," "a novelettish central theme," "Santa Clausish Hillman," "the skyscraperish beauty, 5-feet-10," "a tannish neutral color," "toothpickish Frankie Sinatra," "Valhallaish and Gotterdammerung-ish German decisions," and "a Vermontish

(*Continued on page 41*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal

YOU UNDERSTAND

MAYBE it doesn't really matter any longer. The memory is dimming now, and I find I can be quite entertaining and even, sometimes, rational when I discuss Army—and Navy—brass. I'm quite popular at small, somewhat inebriate parties when I tell about what I said to the Quartermaster captain at the night club in Paris—the one I told off, bluntly and profanely, when he made indiscreet eyes at my mademoiselle. Or I mention the time in Honolulu when a general friend visited our apartment and my roommate, just finishing a shower, tried to stand at attention in his altogether.

After all, it's been eight months since a nasal-voiced and bespectacled captain shouted "On the double!" at me and I hurried to the cigarette-stained desk where a weary sergeant handed me my discharge papers. It's been nearly 245 days since I hid my neatly pressed uniform in the bottom of a trunk, along with the extra pairs of stripes. And recently I've met some reasonably intelligent fellow dischargees who tell me, somewhat apologetically to be sure, that they were officers.

Maybe it's time to forgive and forget. To forgive at least. I may never forget. I was an enlisted man in the Army for three years, seven months, twelve days, and five hours.

But I was a rather special enlisted man. I was lucky. All of us on the staff of *Yank* were lucky. In Honolulu we lived in an apartment on Waikiki Beach, with one, sometimes two, Filipino house boys to take care of the menial job of cleaning. And in Paris, some of the time at least, we were in a reasonably modern hotel, only four to a single room.

And most *Yank* personnel had their own mess, or at least a rather special one. At the press camps we usually ate with the correspondents and had white table cloths and bowing waiters, hungry Frenchmen and Belgians until we got to Germany, then subservient PWs.

Occasionally, of course, we got up where the fighting was, and we shared fox holes and K rations with Bill Mauldin's GIs who were winning the war, and sometimes we even fired a rifle in anger, and some *Yank* men were wounded, and some never got back to the relative comfort that the benevolent and publicity-seeking Army maintained for the correspondents, especially the civilians, but occasionally even for the enlisted men who happened to be writers, too.

Sure, we were lucky, and I'm not complaining. I'm explaining. Trying to tell you what it was like the night we came off Kwajalein, a dozen civilian correspondents, a *Yank* photographer and I. We'd made a first-wave landing three days before, and we came to the flagship off shore for a night's sleep and a hot meal. The battle was ended. Only a few Jap snipers here and there, no more real fighting.

A handsome and very blond ensign met us on the deck. He shook all of our hands, and he guided us to luxurious state rooms, showed us gleaming white-tiled showers, and indicated the ward room with the white-jacketed mess boys.

We were on our second course at dinner when the blond ensign came up and tapped me on the shoulder. "I understand you're on *Yank*," he said. The photographer and I nodded. "Sorry," he said, and repeated, "very sorry. But this is an officers' mess." Some of the civilian correspondents turned their heads, and one or two got very red in the face. The photographer and I put down our forks, rose, and walked out of the room, only a pace or two behind the blond ensign. It was then that I really understood for the first time the signs I'd seen in some of the restaurants in Frankfurt in 1939, "Dogs and Jews Not Allowed." Only former enlisted men will appreciate what I mean. Except, of course, Jewish refugees from Germany. And dogs.

Then there was the time in Germany when the colonel invited a handful of correspondents to his quarters for a drink. He was a good colonel, competent and humane and with a genuine concern for the comfort of the enlisted men. And I'm sure he was unhappy, not as unhappy as I, but concerned, when he added to the invitation, "I'm afraid I won't be able to ask you along, Miller. You understand, old man."

"Sure," I said. "I understand." And I did.

OR the time in Biloxi, Mississippi, when, in as swank a bar as the town offered, I saw my CO, a bustling and ambitious young major. I stepped up to the bar and asked him to come over to my table to meet the girl friend who was visiting me. The major blanched. "Awfully sorry," he said, "but the colonel has just talked to us about fraternizing with enlisted men. You understand." I understood.

And there were other incidents, not many, and all of them were trivial.

"He says he's just crazy about capitalism."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

None of them really mattered. Any soldier who worked at the job could tell you dozens more, larger and more important.

I mention the matter only to show why even now, and maybe forever, I have trouble feeling comfortable when there's an officer in the room. And to explain, although partially, the bitterness of so many hundreds of thousands of veterans who also were enlisted men.

With those of us on *Yank* and, for that matter, *The Stars and Stripes,* it was only a part-time problem. Most of us could and—on occasion—did remove our stripes, hurriedly sew a "War Correspondent" patch on our shoulder and walk, respected and unsuspected, into most officers' club bars for a drink. There were millions of enlisted men who couldn't, whose sleeves—striped and unstriped—were constant and unchanging badges of inferiority.

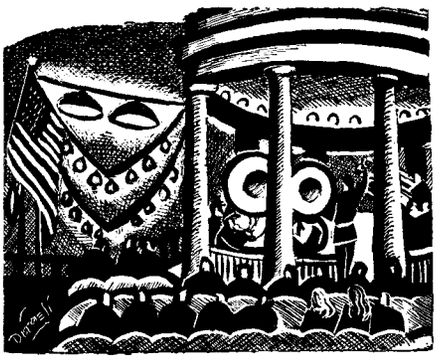
On the hundreds of islands of the Pacific, the EMs, if they were lucky, sweated out four cans of beer a month; officers frequently received a fifth of Scotch a week.

Even the blue waters of the Pacific were partitioned off and labeled. The better beaches were inevitably "Officers' Country," "Off Limits to Troops," those with jagged coral edges protruding from the sand, "EM Beach."

And in Europe, from Naples to Paris to Cannes, the luxury hotels were immediately requisitioned for officers, the tenth-rate hostels or, sometimes, the stables, for "the men." There was even that humane colonel in Oklahoma who, in a directive to his officers, warned that the comfort and welfare of "the men" was the responsibility of commissioned personnel who "by birth and training" were destined for leadership. It was much the same with "the men" as with horses, the colonel added. A wise officer looked after the welfare of his stable, saw that the horses were well-groomed and well-fed, "but none of us would consider inviting a horse to our home, to share a social evening."

THAT particular colonel was rare, of course, but he simply represented the "military caste" at its worst. It was only a question of degree.

I have no proposal for solving the problem. I know there have to be officers, and there have to be enlisted men, and I know, too, that doing away with the differences in uniform won't be enough, and even abolishing the salute and social differences won't get at the core of the matter. A report of a board of investigators won't do it. I don't know what will.



But I'm not bitter. Not me. I was lucky, see. I'm only telling you what it was like. I'm only explaining how I, at least partially, understood the corporal who wrote to *Yank* in Paris listing his own particular complaints as an enlisted man and ending up with, "Now I know what it's like to be a second-class citizen. I know what it's like to be a Negro." No one except a fellow enlisted man could really understand what the corporal meant.

He was wrong, of course. He was using a comfortable cliché to half-describe a feeling. To make the comparison apt, one would have to be born a private in an officer-dominated world, and there would be no promotions. And no separation centers and discharge papers. Never any discharge papers or little gilt buttons to be worn on the lapel. . . .

Maybe the only solution would be to do away with armies and navies. Of course, to do that, you'd also have to do away with wars.

MERLE MILLER.

The Elite of Third Avenue

THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK. By John McNulty. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 188 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THERE is the lovely smell of sawdust on the floor about these tales. There is the fine odor of tobacco and spirits, the nice masculine scents of the honest saloon where the habitué has his established place and the transient is a pilgrim to be greeted gently or violently, depending on his mood. And it is time such tales were told. There has been too much of "The Lost Weekend" and alcoholics anonymous in our reading of late, too little of cups that truly cheer.

Third Avenue parallels Lexington and is not far from Park, as everyone knows. But the difference in mood, the difference in tempo, sets them farther apart than the Tabard Inn and the men's bar at the Waldorf. And as proved in this dissertation, it is on Third Avenue where dwell the best people of New York. Where else in Manhattan will you find a barkeep like Paddy Ferrarty, protector of the Slugger from the exploitation of a boss who asks unreasonably that the windows be washed each year—a bartender whose delicate, esthetic sense is frayed to the point of "sabotizing" a juke box because too many people clap without rhythm to the tune of "Deep in the Heart of Texas"—a man of the spirits whose last night at the bar before leaving for the Army is still recalled as "Paddy's Farewell" among men whose reminiscences are saved for the Homeric? For that matter, where in a capitalistic world gone mad would you find a boss whose sensible solution to any difficulty with labor or client is to go to the newsreel theatre in Grand Central Terminal on the theory that when he comes back the worst of the trouble will be over—a boss, too, who finds the top-hatted slummer quaint and who saves his best sherry for a scratch bum who wears a bedraggled straw with "a hell of a jaunty look"?

In this closeknit and tidy world of Paddy and his boss are grand and splendid men. There is, for instance, Mr. Grogan, devotee of the sport of kings, making the best of things even when arrested for gambling at dinner time. Bums who would spend freely except for poverty; atheists hit by trucks who friendly cops insist are "Cat'lic" as they register them for Bellevue; Jack Yee, the Chinaman who weighs nothing at all; a lady who must have been a Bostonian—all pass through these pages and give wise or foolish voice to the philosophies of great and simple men. Grady, the cabman who acts the good Samaritan to those who have imbibed too wisely, is of epic stuff, as he speeds the mellowed guest. He is blind as a bat, they say, but his memory is superb.

You may have read these stories in *The New Yorker.* Be grateful none the less that they are bound and available for ready review. Be grateful too that they have been illustrated by Beatrice Tobias, whose sketches fit these tales as Dore's fit the Inferno. Waste no time on the jacket's comparisons to Mark Twain or Finley Peter Dunne. These are stories by a man who has found that special metier we are all supposed to have and which only a fortunate few stumble upon. They are for the reader of taste who loves all his fellows over a glass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Managing Editor
John T. Winterich
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benet
John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf
Paul Henry Lang
Mary Gould Davis
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President
Contents Copyrighted, 1946, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS YOURS

AFTER the end of the First World War it was three years before a really significant war novel appeared—Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." In a few years the books attacking our motives for going to war, the peace treaties that ended it, and our civilization itself were flooding out of the publishing houses. A new American literature was in the making that in translation was read around the world. Some of the dissident thought that produced it antedated the war and was part of the revolt that was seething in all the arts against solidified Victorian standards and conventional forms. At the turn of the century Frank Norris, the first modern American realist, had written "McTeague," a tragedy of sordid city life, and "The Octopus," an early "Grapes of Wrath," while Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" appeared in 1906 and a year later Jack London's "The Iron Heel," which predicted an American fascist revolution that was to occur about the time when Huey Long was riding high in the South ten years ago. But most of our new literature was the product of young men who saw clearly and for the first time the inadequacies and the blatant hypocrisies that existed in the country, or in the sections of it in which they lived. They saw America, not as God's own country, but as an imperfect social organism somehow related to the rest of the world, and they were filled with a fine rage against those who still remained blind and deluded.

A year ago the Second World War ended, and there are as yet no signs or portents to tell us what it will do to our literature, or what it has done to our established writers. To mention only the novelists, Hemingway has been silent for six years, Faulkner for four, and the latest books of Steinbeck, Farrell, Caldwell, and Saroyan indicate little except that their authors can still put one word ahead of another, and almost the same words, at that. It will take time to digest a war that had some of the aspects of a world revolution, or a peace that is beginning faintly to resemble an armed truce, to say nothing of the atomic bomb, jet planes that fly at six hundred miles an hour, the rocket, and other prodigies of science that may be applied to industry or war. It will take time to appreciate the significance of industrial unrest and inflation, whether controlled or not, and to consider the results of increased racial tensions.

We do not need to speculate about the authors who may inspect our inner selves, our private lives, creating a "Madam Bovary," a "Magic Mountain," or a "Swann's Way"; they may produce their talented works, like Mr. Marquand, in foul or fair weather. It is to the writers whom we perhaps unfairly label as "significant," those who are moved by political, racial, and social currents, or merely by the reformer's zeal, that we look for a new, or a renewed, literature and that we feel that we need for guidance in a darkening world.

It is not easy to live in a revolutionary era, and it is desperately hard to create works of art, or to prophesy boldly what may happen at such a time. It is perhaps idle to attempt to speculate on the form our literature of ideas will assume in the next few years. It is safer to say what it will not be, as, for example, that it cannot be isolationist, or pacifist in the sense that it is immoral for a man to fight for his country or the civilization that produced him. It will not, except on the lunatic fringe, explore further, either in poetry or prose, the anarchy of juxtaposing apparently meaningless symbols and words. It may not for long continue the revolt against reasonable moral conventions, regard a good-hearted prostitute as superior to a virtuous, if less informed, girl, or consider a sound marriage as an infringement on liberty and a bar to the happiness of men and women, and it may not, perhaps, sympathize with the criminal at the expense of the laws that punish him. Theoretically, however revolutionary the coming writers may appear to be, there may be less satirical and more constructive writing, positive rather than negative, building rather than tearing down.

Few if any popular or successful labor novels have been written in this country. A powerful writer might appear in the next few years who would appeal to the millions of industrial workers; there might even be a novelist whose work is centered in Washington who might write intelligently of politicians and cabinet members and who might explain dramatically the complexities of democratic government; it is even conceivable that someone might find a banker who was honest and admirable. Europe and Asia will be fields for future creative work, for there will be writers who will know the streets of Germany, Japan, or Korea as they know those of their home towns. There should be a new literature of the sea from a few of the thousands who have worked their passage across the oceans on merchant and naval vessels. An American St. Exupéry might rise to be the prose poet of the airways of our land. There will be room for the most inspired writers to illuminate the dark horizons that are expanding before America's eyes. There will still be need for the reformer, whether he wields a rapier or an axe, and for the man who can reach the heart of the common, sturdy human being on whose shoulders the weight of our unknown future must rest.

H. S.

HOW GOOD A SHAVIAN ARE YOU?

ON July 25 *The Saturday Review of Literature* will sponsor a dinner and an elaborate program of festivities at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City in honor of George Bernard Shaw's ninetieth birthday on the 26th. Among the many special features will be a quiz program to be based on Mr. Shaw's works. Clifton Fadiman of "Information Please" will be master of ceremonies: Franklin P. Adams and another representative from the world of letters will be on hand, and there will be two presumably expert Shavians from the world of the theatre. *The Saturday Review of Literature* wants questions based on Shaw or his works with which to confound, or at least to confront, these experts. To what audience could it better appeal than to its own readers? For every question used the *SRL* will extend a subscriber's subscription for one year, or will give a non-subscriber a one-year subscription. For every question not answered the *SRL* is not in a position to award a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, but it will extend or award a three-year subscription. All questions are subject to slight editorial emendation. In case of duplicated questions the principle of first come, first served will prevail. Address your questions to Shaw Quiz, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, New York. Questions submitted cannot be acknowledged.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Advice to High Schools

SIR: For those whose work brings
correspondence
In considerable abundance
Life would be much better
If people would write their address
(the dopes)
Not merely on the envelopes
But also in the letter.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

In Defense of Erskine Caldwell

SIR: Harrison Smith's cheaply smart review of "A House in the Uplands," by Erskine Caldwell (*SRL* May 18), brings to a head my growing distaste for *SRL* criticism. The idea, dear editor, is to review and appraise literary effort, not to parade the wit, witticism, spleen, and life history of your contributors. That is why I buy your esteemed sheet, anyway.

I have lived and traveled in the South during much of my adult life. I believe that Erskine Caldwell has done more than any other novelist to present the South as it exists for the vast majority of its inhabitants —and continues to exist despite Mr. Smith's hopes. To call Mr. Caldwell's characters stereotyped is outrageous and to suppose that six or sixty novels will complete the regeneration for which Mr. Caldwell works is infantile.

To what does Mr. Smith object? That "Tobacco Road" has run for so long? That some odd perversions of Southern folk are comic-strip characters? That there are similarities of dress and deportment among the desperately poor?

To whom besides Mr. Smith does underprivileged white—or colored—life appeal as a joke?

"Surely the number of sadistic, broken ex-aristocrats whose goings-on are tolerated by the neighbors must be as severely limited," etc., is a statement that reveals an amusing ignorance in addition to a confused style. Why, Mr. Smith, the South ain't filled with nothin' else but!

Flippancies aside—both Mr. Smith's and mine—I think he has been grossly unfair to the work of a fine and serious author and that *SRL* owes Mr. Caldwell an apology.

ALBERT E. IDELL.

Palm Beach, Fla.

P. S. When I started this, I intended to mention—as a further example of this tendency in *SRL*—the recent review by Philip Wylie of Henry Miller's "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare," which to me was utterly unfair, in bad taste, and written only to display Mr. Wylie's own considerable talents at the expense of a fellow writer. A. E. I.

Amerikese

SIR: Those "guys" who "contact"
fellow-men
I'd shut up in a lion's den.
That done, I'd put the stranglehold on
Every man who says he's "sold on."

EMILY DAVENPORT.

Louisville, Kentucky.

"*Do* come in! We were just starting to play postoffice!"

In Rebuttal

SIR: May I explain two points raised in the review of "Alexander of Macedon: The Journey to World's End," in your June 1 issue?

I am indebted to the reviewer, Dr. C. A. Robinson, Jr., for mentioning my mistake in assuming that the Tower of the Winds had been built in Alexander's time; as for the Elusian shrine, I was thinking of the one in Asia.

But when Dr. Robinson says that "Lamb's Note at the end of the book breathes romance," he is mistaken. The trips through western Asia during the war were not voluntary wanderings; they were performed in carrying out military duties. My expedient in picking up sources en route was not a stunt but a necessary expedient because no library, however small, could be transported for those two years and eight months.

I do not think Dr. Robinson really means that it is "sheer nonsense" to suggest "that there is some value in having been over much of Alexander's route." There was a great value to a layman like myself in going over sites like that of the Issus battlefield, or the chasm and the adjoining gorge that may have been the Macedonian passageway through the "Cilician Gates"—the same is true of the short ravine known as the Portae Caspiae, and the various passes at Chash Giran and Damaghan—or in observing the differences and similarities between the southeast corner of the Caspian and the Sea of Azov (at that point on the Caspian many of the Macedonians believed they were actually far to the northwest at the shore of the Azov).

There was interest, too, in noticing as you drove eastward through Khorassan how the successive mountain ridges on the sky line rose higher toward the Hindu Kush. Naturally at such times I was entirely in debt to the topographical research of Sir Aurel Stein, Professor Jackson, Hogarth, Seton Lloyd, Schmidt, and the very recent findings of the staff of the Archeological Museum in Baghdad. As a layman I have always been in debt to the specialists in such fields as historical geography, archeology proper, architecture, folklore, and the many ramifications of the material and human past.

Mr. Robinson says that Lamb has written what resembles a romantic biography. I do not know exactly what a romantic biography would be; but if it is a story retold from academic biographies this is not one. At the time of writing I had read no biography of Alexander. Dr. Robinson may have read in the author's note from which he quotes elsewhere that "this book is an endeavor to re-create for the reader today (the) journey of the Macedonians under Alexander . . . details were pieced together from different sources on the scene itself, in an attempt to form a whole . . . to visualize Alexander as he was. . . ."

Here the critic and the writer seem to be looking at the book from different viewpoints. The critic is exasperated because the writer has not conformed to the pattern of specialized knowledge in the field of political history, especially Greek political history. The writer, a layman, was using his imagination and his special knowledge in several fields to try to piece together a full picture of what might have been in that remote time. To the writer the political aspect of Greece proper (although not of Greek culture) has no more part in this portrait of the past than the historical geography of western Asia or the high Iranian culture. To the writer the years Alexander passed in Asia have more significance than the years of his early life in Greece.

Dr. Robinson implies that this book has no justification by "standards of historical scholarship." Probably only time can decide that point. I do not think any other reviewer has said that the other books written in this manner did not provide their own justification. "Genghis Khan," "The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crusades," and other historical narratives seem to have met the test of time, and have been received in general, with appreciation by the best academic minds here and in Asia, for being what they are—popular reading and not departmental research. Still, the professors of history seem to read them. In universities like Yale and California, "The Crusades" is, or was until recently, required reading in medieval history. In two cases governments in Asia have had translations made for the instruction of national readers ("Genghis Khan" and "Tamerlane" in Turkey, "Genghis Khan" in Iran.)

I think Dr. Robinson and I would agree on the fundamentals of historical knowledge; only our viewpoints differ.

HAROLD LAMB.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have enjoyed Mr. Lamb's kindly letter. If there is an Eleusinian (correct spelling) shrine in Asia, I have never heard of it, and it can be found neither in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" nor in the court of last resort, Pape-Benseler's "Wörterbuch der griechischen Eigennamen." In the same paragraph Lamb speaks of "the sanctuary of Apollo Ammon in Egypt," though, as he knows, it was the sanctuary of Zeus Ammon.

Of course it is "sheer nonsense" to suggest "that there is some value in having been over much of Alxander's route." (I was speaking of Lamb the biographer, obviously, though now he is rather disarming in his references to himself as a layman.) I am not attempting a biography of Lee after a visit to Gettysburg, and in the case of Alexander you cannot take the sources Lamb did and with their aid hope to wring an understanding of Alexander from them thar hills. If you are writing about Alexander, you may indeed visit those hills and, as I said, sweat profitably in the manner of Sir Aurel Stein, or you can simply have fun.

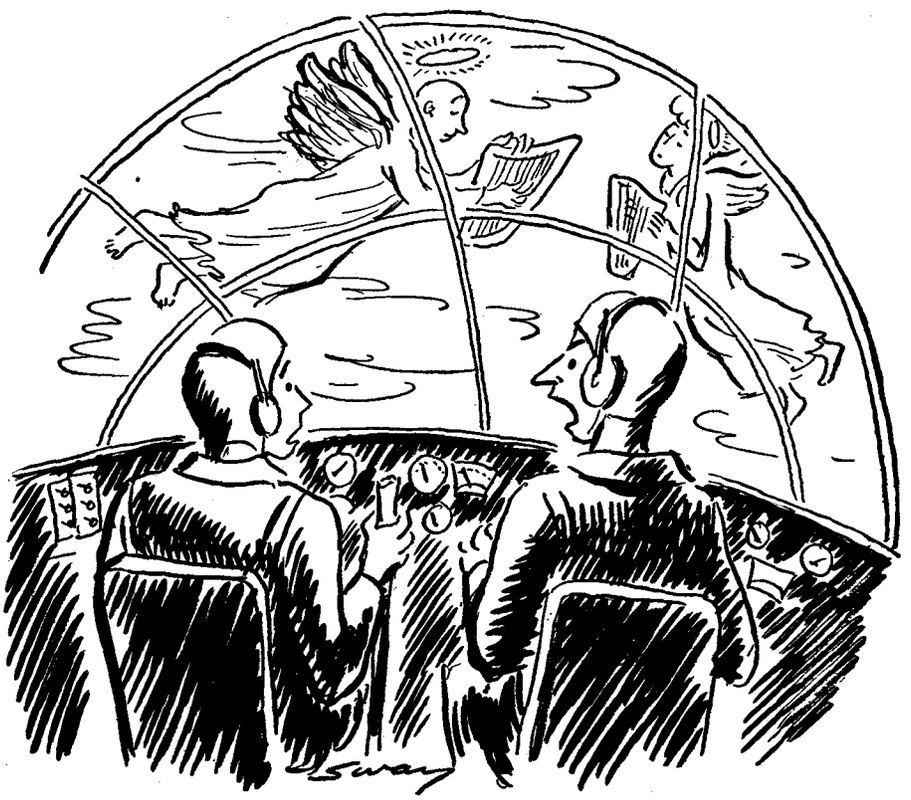
And you can also make mistakes as Lamb does in his letter. Omitting Arrian, who gives a different and more trustworthy account, Plutarch says this about Alexander at the Caspian: "Here he saw a gulf of the open sea which appeared to be as large as the Euxine (Black Sea), but was sweeter than the Mediterranean. He could get no clear information about it, but conjectured that in all probability it was a stagnant overflow from the Palus Maeotis (Sea of Azov)" (Loeb Classical Library translation). Plutarch adds that naturalists long before Alexander had decided that the Caspian was the most northerly of four gulfs of Ocean. But assuming, for the sake of argument, that the quotation from Plutarch accurately reflects Alexander's conjecture, it will be noted that the Macedonians did not think they were standing on the shores of the Sea of Azov far to the northwest, but beside a stagnant overflow apparently as large as the Black Sea.

I congratulate Lamb on patriotically carrying out military duties, but I could only go by his Note which opens, "The greater part of this book was written in Asia during the war." The Note not only breathes romance, I insist, but also authority, as in the second paragraph where he apologizes for any mistakes and lists three small possibilities. Little wonder that *The New Yorker* spoke of the book as "historically reliable" and of Lamb as "a military historian who knows what he is talking about." Mr. Lamb has received ecstatic reviews, but not as a layman—I intimated that he would and congratulate him, though the *Herald Tribune* reviewer made the curious remark that professional historians would not like the book. One of these professionals wrote me, while my review was in the press, that he had seen "Lamb's 'horror.' A very unfortunate fact about the present status of Greek history is that so few of the results of the last generation of scholarship have been made available to the ordinary educated reading public. It is high time that scholars wrote for an audience of non-professional literate persons." My exasperation—Lamb's word—is not only with Lamb for missing an opportunity but also with my own profession for not doing its duty.

I have no detailed, professional knowledge of Lamb's other books, but I own some of them and have enjoyed them.

C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

Providence, R. I.



"Murdock, are you sure we went *over* that mountain?"

Ambivalence

SIR: *Flair, jejune, connive, wanton, inchoate, in petto.* These have been so misused that they now regret the day they were born. And now they are joined by *schizophrenia* in its new "literary" meaning "being of two minds," as against the medical definition: "Insanity characterized by general mental disintegration; dementia praecox." Say "ambivalence" if you must, but don't say "schizophrenia" unless you really mean it.

ROYLESTON DAVIS.

Denver, Colo.

Who's Master of Whom?

SIR: In a review of James Cain's "Past All Dishonor" (*SRL* June 1) I was much surprised to learn that Cain, whose first book, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," came out in 1934, was my master and that the best I could ever do in imitation of him was to come "close."

I admire Cain very much, but fun's fun. Need I point out that "Little Caesar" was published in 1929, "Iron Man" in 1930, and "Dark Hazard" in 1933?

I also might add that your reviewer, a Mr. Adams, probably embarrassed Jim Cain very much by such a statement.

W. R. BURNETT.

Culver City, Calif.

A Retraction

SIR: This is in the nature of a formal retraction of a letter which I now regret having written a couple of weeks ago to you, condemning at that time a Super Suds Blondie show, in which I heard a commercial I thought flagrantly vicious (*SRL*, June 15).

I have since received a copy of the complete commercial used on the May 19 show, and an explanation from the radio director of the advertising firm handling the account.

It is clear from the evidence that I heard the words out of context. They are, it is true, strange sounding words, but, heard in context, they sound better and are not offensive.

I am sorry I wrote the letter about the commercial, and I have learned a lesson: Shut up till you have the evidence, and, generally, shut up!

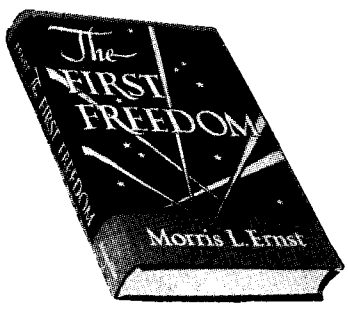
JAMES A. DOYLE.

Forest Hills, L. I.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIRD PRINTING

WHY PEOPLE ARE BUYING AND READING THIS BOOK AS FAST AS IT CAN BE PRINTED . . .



The First Freedom, by Morris L. Ernst, tells of a danger that threatens the freedom of every American: it deals with the alarming trend toward monopoly in the fields of radio, press, and movies. Mr. Ernst presents many startling facts and figures to prove his point. He presents them with passionate intensity. *He challenges the citizens of America to save their right of free expression.*

Because of the urgent importance of its subject matter, thoughtful Americans are buying and reading *The First Freedom* as fast as it can be printed. In the *Chicago Sun* Paul Bixler voiced the general critical response to Mr. Ernst's book: "Before you have turned many pages . . you ask why his facts haven't been made available before. Some of the conditions he describes are of years' standing. Why didn't someone tell us these things?" Thousands of Americans are eagerly reading this book *to find out for themselves* what is happening to the ownership of newspapers, radio, and the movies. They want to know—*and to do something about it*—before it is too late.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

"This is a valuable and important book, to which we will probably pay only as much attention as our desire for freedom or enslavement impels us."

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

"Mr. Ernst's book is vigorous and interesting and factual. It is well worth reading."

E. B. WHITE
in THE NEW YORKER

"An illuminating book on an alarming subject...exceptionally valuable and exciting."

BENNETT CERF
in THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"The most disturbing and provocative book I have read this year is Morris L. Ernst's *The First Freedom.*"

THE AUTHOR

Morris L. Ernst, a member of the New York bar for over thirty years, has long been a foe of government censorship. Some of the books, attacked on the ground of obscenity, which he has defended in court are Joyce's *Ulysses,* Mary Ware Dennet's *Sex Side of Life,* and books by Marie Stopes and Havelock Ellis. He has been attorney for the American Newspaper Guild and counsel of the Dramatists Guild and Author League of America.

MORRIS L. ERNST'S THE FIRST FREEDOM

$3.00 at your bookstore

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE IDEA OF selling phonograph records in book shops is certainly not the original brain child of George Hecht, general manager of the Doubleday Book Shops, but he has developed it so shrewdly and successfully that his lead is being followed by alert dealers all over the country.

In small towns, of course, books have been merchandised for many years in stores that also carry not only phonograph records, but stationery, notions, and in the case of at least one dealer I know in an Adirondack village, fertilizer. The first real effort to combine the sale of books and records in a big city outlet was made, I think, by Harold Mason about fifteen years ago in his colorful Centaur Book Shop in Philadelphia. He never had a real chance to carry through, however, because his backer, down to his last twenty million, suddenly withdrew his support and ran for the hills.

Hecht's big test of the record idea was made at the new Doubleday shop on Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, with opening ceremonies that needed only klieg lights and Louella Parsons to rival the première of a Hollywood epic. Twenty per cent of the selling space was devoted to the music department, and records and books were used in combination in all the window displays. Business boomed from the start. Not only did the record department do the full percentage of the volume that its space allotment called for, but it obviously stimulated the sale of books as well. This was particularly true at night, when customer after customer confessed he rarely had been in a bookstore before in his life, but frequently picked up a book or two while he was waiting for his record purchase to be wrapped.

Experiments in older Doubleday shops proved that the Fifth Avenue showing was no flash in the pan. "In a shop where we used to do $100,000 worth of book business," says Hecht, "we have added $20,000 in records, and shown a ten per cent increase in the book department as well. In other words, we have added thirty per cent to our volume, attracted additional customers, and opened new vistas for the retail book business." Doubleday is now installing record departments in its key shops in Detroit, Grosse Pointe, and Miami Beach. Soon people everywhere will be able to make a package deal on a Saroyan book and a recording of "Hearts and Flowers," or "Duchess Hotspur" and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." . . .

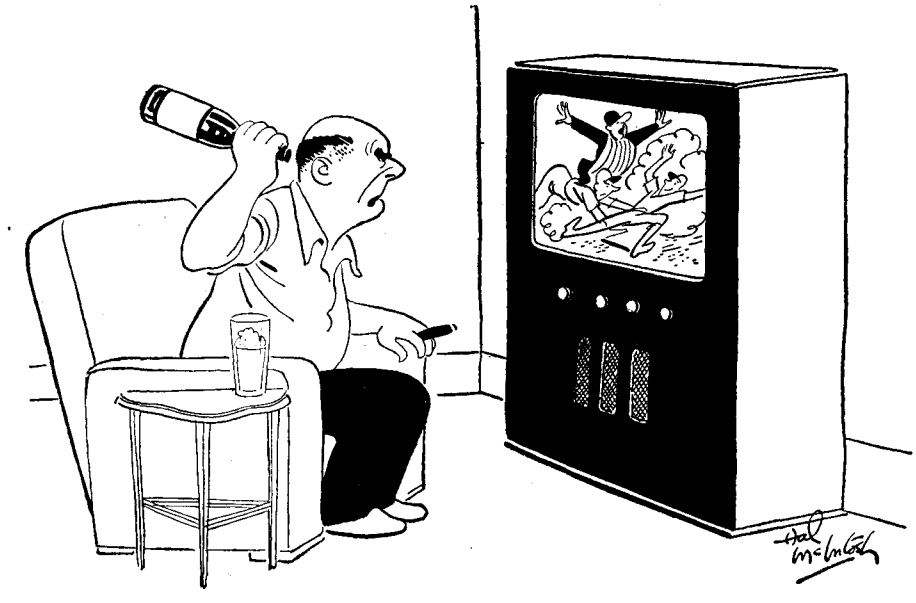
THE ROLE OF Mrs. Day in "Life with Father," played so magnificently by Dorothy Stickney on Broadway, was considered one of the biggest plums Hollywood had to offer this year, but Claudette Colbert turned it down cold. Asked why, Miss Colbert replied simply, "Take another look at the title of the play, my dear." . . . Norman Douglas, author of "South Wind," is finishing his first new book in years. Entitled "Late Harvest," it is in large part autobiographical, and tells in detail how each of his preceding books came to be written. . . . The Foreign Policy Association's Headline Books will be distributed henceforth by Henry Holt. . . . Arthur Hornblow will produce the screen version of "The Hucksters" for MGM. The property was bought for Clark Gable, but he turned it down, and now Errol Flynn will essay the role of Victor Norman. . . . Nunnally Johnson will chaperone "Peabody's Mermaid" in Hollywood; unless my memory fails me, Hedy Lamarr is a natural for the title part. . . . Maggy O'Flaherty confides that at a warm-up of the Quiz Kids radio show, somebody asked, "Can you think of any proverb that helps you in relations with your own father?" One angel-faced moppet shot up her hand and piped, "There's no fool like an old fool." . . . I love *Time's* story of the bookseller in an English hamlet who received a mangled publisher's catalogue with a postmaster's notation: "Please excuse. Eaten by snails in the letter-box." . . . And the new slogan of the Committee to Prevent Forest Fires: "One tree can make a million matches: One match can destroy a million trees." . . . Evelyn Waugh describes his next book, "When the Going Was Good," as "a reminiscent book of travel in the days when things were different." As far as Mr. Waugh's recent patronizing memoir in *Life* is concerned, the going wasn't good at all. . . .

PERCIVAL WILDE, the novelist and playwright, confides that his son has acquired one hundred hens and wants names for them. Well, there's Macduff, of course. And Chickov; Eggetha Christie; Shelley; Gregory Peck; Gizzard of Oz; Himalaya; Life with Feather; Pullet Goddard; Betty MacDonald; Alex Yokel. Any other suggestions? . . . At M.I.T., writes John Pomeroy, Laurence Olivier's magnificent version of "Henry V" is referred to affectionately as "Hank Cinq." . . . Helen Bower, of the *Detroit Free Press,* is one of several correspondents intrigued by a recent personal ad in *SRL* that was inserted by the canny Mr. Campbell of Los Angeles. "Blossoms in orange orchard next door scent our books," it read. "Buy books that smell!" Miss Bower wants to know which one Campbell's offer as the smelliest? Also, do the customers always want their books scented, or will some take their purchases with them? . . . B. Polacek, in Czechoslovakia, sent the following printed form to Whitney Darrow of Scribner's:

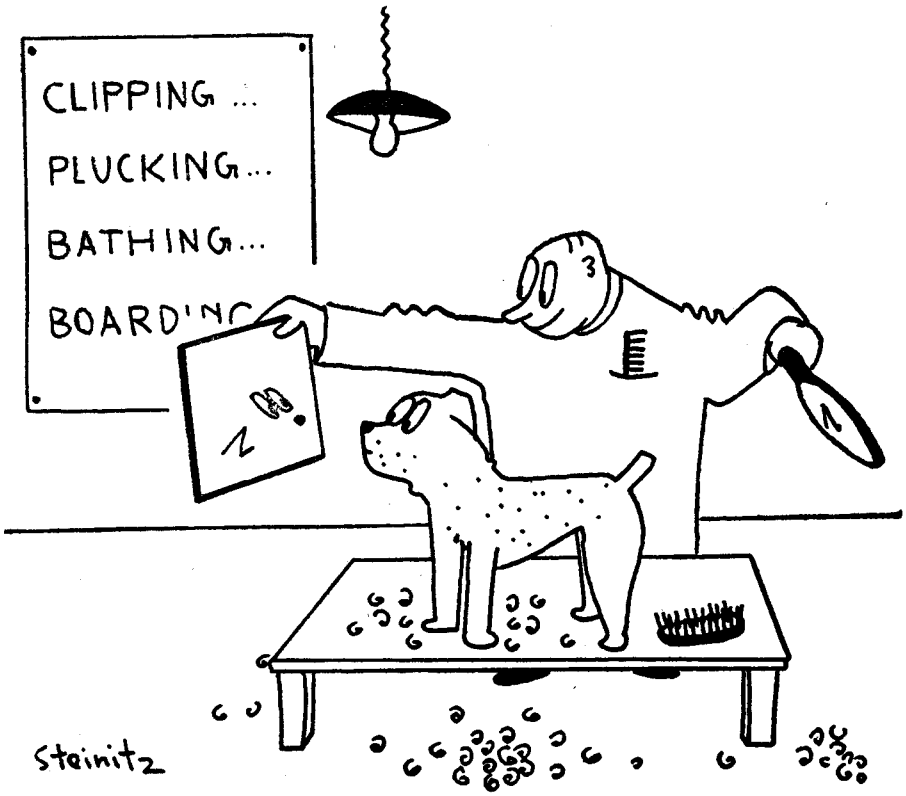
Date of the post-stamp.

Dear Sirs:

Please, give me the informations of the prices of your publications, books, revues, postcards, photoworks etc.
I can send you the all scientific publications of Central Europe-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



States in exchange, anyones you need and whichs I can procure. I then please of to write down, who litterature you need.
You can answer me in the english, french, czech, slovak, serbian, bulgarian, italien, spanish, polish, russian and german languages.
Thank you.

B. POLACEK. . . .

THERE SEEMS TO BE no end to anthologies of occult and supernatural stories, but Boris Karloff has come up with a remarkably unhackneyed and titillating collection in "And the Darkness Falls," for the World Publishing Company. Mr. Karloff has taken the corn out of the macabre. . . . In real life, "Boris" (who was born plain William Henry Pratt) is a shy and scholarly gentleman, who is more horrified than his audiences by some of the parts whipped up for him by Hollywoodenheads. The first time I met him (I wanted him to write a foreword to Charlie Addams's cartoon album, "Drawn and Quartered") he was engaged in singing nursery rhymes to his three-year-old daughter. . . . In "Try and Stop Me," I told of the late E. Phillips Oppenheim's surefire formula for coping with dinner hosts who broke their promises and called on him for a speech. He would clear his throat with a series of garrumphs, and declare severely, "As King Solomon remarked to the Queen of Sheba, 'Madame, I did not come here to speak.'" J. B. Birmingham, of Nutley, now writes that he can improve on this story, and I think he proves his point. In *his* version, Cleopatra pouts to an over-loquacious Anthony, "Sire, I am not prone to argue." . . .

THAT TIRELESS BAND of Sherlock Holmes devotees, the Baker Street Irregulars, now has a quarterly journal, published by Ben Abramson at 3 West 46th Street, New York, and the very first issue very properly features the apt rhyme by Delos Avery, entitled, "Marvelous, Holmes, Marvelous":

Irregulars of Baker Street
Do you do *anything* but eat?
Once a year you congregate
Around a savory dinner plate;
But did you ever solve a crime?
If so, please name the place and time.
Instead of catching wanted crooks
You merely make more work for cooks.
I know what Sherlock Holmes will say
If he discovers you some day:
"The things you concentrate your thoughts on
Are alimentary, my dear Watson." . . .

A SPY AT Little, Brown reports that one of their hoity-toitiest English authoresses had just swept out onto Beacon Street when a bemused pedestrian—Dale Warren, perchance?—bumped into her squarely amidships. He apologized profusely, but she froze him with a look, and muttered, "How gauche!"

"Simply fine, lady," answered the pedestrian. "How gauche it with you?"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

WE are apt to think of people in the distant past in terms of portraits, partly because of the time factor involved, partly because there were no photographs, and mostly because most of us are very shady on our history.

When we think about Philip II of Spain and Ana de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli, we try hard to picture pre-Armada Spain, and all we can see is a portrait by Velasquez of a rather tired, worried, confused, and haughty man; and a beautiful and resolute woman with a diamond patch over one eye. They hang upon the walls of museums, looking like Browning's Last Duchess, as if alive.—Yet somehow they are static, and to bring them to life requires more effort and imagination than most of us can summon.

Yet when KATE O'BRIEN writes about them in **For One Sweet Grape,** they step out of the frame of history and Philip says, *"He's a man of forty-four, Ana—and the court courts him, believe me."*

"Forty-four? Eight years older than I?"

"Let's call it maturity," the king said lightly, and they laughed together.

Philip was speaking of Antonio Perez, his minister, a perspicacious man to say the least. Antonio hardly knew this puzzling woman when he leaned over and took her hand and kissed it.

"What are you thinking about now?", Antonio asked Ana.

"A quarrel I was in when I was a little girl."

"I thought so," he said delicately, and she looked at him with caution. Often she suspected that his intuitions were very accurate. Yet he never betrayed more than a glint of those she did not choose to have him uncover.

Ana's love for Philip was diverted through no foresight of his to a long affair with his minister, Antonio Perez, an affair which was exposed by the rival minister, and which caused Philip to seek a vengeance his kinder self did not relish. The plot is simple, and old, and good. But the way KATE O'BRIEN tells it, it is a new experience. Her probing of human emotions, and the delicate sensitivities of a Spain centuries previous to the blunting bludgeoning it was to receive in our own time, makes this novel an entirely new experience.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARING THINGS

CHURCH MUSIC—WHAT'S LEFT OF IT

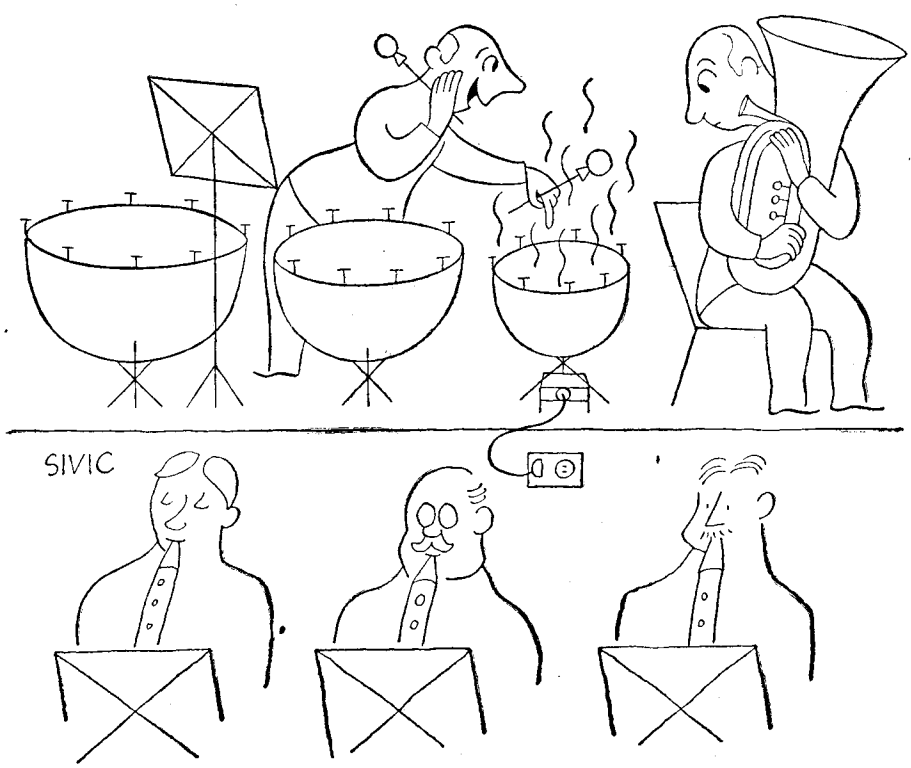
THE musical season is ended and gone. It is not becoming—or comfortable—to listen to serious music in the hot summer months. Pop concerts with beer and pretzels, and outdoor concerts with airplane obbligato, keep the torch of art burning, but they are not taken very seriously. Still, there is a domain of music, a very large one, that continues the year round, never yielding to the rigors of the changing seasons. It is a most curious fact that in our vastly expanded musical life church music, once the greatest pillar of the art of music, has been relegated to the lowest regions. The average church choir of today is poor, the small town choir abominable, among the thousands of organists the true artists can be counted by the dozen, and as to the "soloists," who fiddle the "Air on the G string," or sing *the* "Ave Maria," we had better say nothing. But it is the music itself which is most baffling, even to the seasoned and hardened psychologist and historian of music.

From its very beginning Christian worship depended in a large measure on music. The original body of unaccompanied ritual songs, systematized in the early Middle Ages and known as Gregorian chant, became an integral part of the liturgy and exerted an immense influence on the whole of Western music. With the advent of music for more than one voice, these Gregorian melodies were made the basis of many-voiced compositions, and throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance a great composer was synonymous with a church composer. To this day Palestrina stands as the symbol of "old" music, and the inscription on his tombstone—"Prince of Music"—is a very real homage to a musician who wrote nothing, with the exception of some spiritual madrigals, but church music.

Then came the Reformation. Luther's first task was to provide the new church with appropriate music, for he, a discriminating connoisseur, trained in the monastic tradition, knew, as Calvin and Knox did not, that the best sermon cannot fuse a congregation as can a good hymn or anthem. In the wake of his activities arose the magnificent body of Lutheran hymns and the great schools of North German church musicians. It is no exaggeration to state that the Protestant ideal was carried to its highest revelation not by theologians, painters, sculptors, or architects, but by the many church musicians whose art culminated in the works of Johann Sebastian Bach.

In the meantime the music of the old Church turned to new paths; the Gregorian tradition vanished, to be rediscovered in the late nineteenth century, and the chants were performed in a perfunctory manner without any understanding. Yet the splendor and opulence of the Baroque, which as in architecture and painting found its way into the church, again created a great literature of church music, bold and scintillating, but just as sincere and fervent as of old. The classic era, although manifestly turning away from sacred music, still produced inspired works, but with the coming of the century of Romanticism the decline was rapid and devastating, while at the opening of our century church music had sunk to the lowest level in its history. To be sure, there always have been some fine cathedral choirs, and many of our college choirs are devoted to the best in church music; furthermore, an intelligent choirmaster and organist can do marvels in a small country church. But there is no more living church music, for the serious composers have ceased to write for the services. The result of all this is that only the artistically unfit continue to compose ritual music, and a more miserable, tawdry, tinsel-strewn collection than recent church music is hard to imagine.

Gregorian chant is seldom performed as it should be, a pure unaccompanied song. It is dressed up with all sorts of organ accompaniments. The priest intones it and then the organist starts a merry chase after the tone to which the celebrant has meandered, and finishes the business with some hair-raising modulations and improvizations. The works of the great masters of choral polyphony rest in the archives. Very few—and then usually the same ones—are performed in regular services outside of a few churches and college chapels. The same is true of the music of the Baroque and classic eras. When the great feast days are upon us and a Catholic church wants to outdo itself, the choirmaster usually turns to Gounod's "Saint Cecilia Mass," written in the honey-flavored style of "Romeo et Juliette," or he turns to the compositions of some local worthy such as Pietro Yon. In the Protestant camp the picture is equally dismal. The wonderful hymns of the heroic era of the Reformation, such as "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," are all but forgotten; the best of our present-day hymnals do not contain more



"Stick around after the concert . . . I have a spaghetti dinner cooking in this one."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GREAT STUFF!"—Kronenberger, PM
Kern & Hammerstein's
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54 St. & 6 Ave. Air-Cond.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

"A SMASH HIT!"—Life Magazine
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY · Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK MINOR WATSON MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON Theater, 44th Street, East of B'way.

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40 Air-Cond.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
Directed by Antoinette Perry
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8.40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Stone
Air-Cond. 46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway.
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A TUNEFUL HIT!"—Coleman, Mirror
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
National, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed & Sat.
AIR-COND.

than a dozen of them, and then they are seldom sung. Instead, the congregation sings Victorian ditties or various secular songs equipped with religious texts. All these concoctions go under the name of "hymns," sung, or rather dragged unmercifully, with the organist leading the congregation one beat ahead of them. The sturdy anthems of the Elizabethan and Jacobean schools, the fine compositions of the Huguenot musicians, and the virtually endless store of profound, Biblical music of the German Protestant composers is largely ignored. The yearly presentation of the "Messiah" and the "St. Matthew Passion" does not change the picture, for these works are seldom used, as in Bach's time, in actual divine services; they are performed as works of art. In fact, good sacred music in good rendition has been transferred to the concert stage. The amusing corollary of this distorted situation is that for those few afternoon or evening hours the concert hall is not permitted to reverberate with applause, and the few unfortunates who, carried away by the music, signify their approval in the usual way are hushed by indignant neighbors who either do not go to church at all or have sung some of the sugar-coated hymns the very same morning. Incidentally, this curious comedy of situations becomes a ridiculous paradox when we realize that while the organist plays in church a transcription of the "Largo" from the "New World Symphony," Stokowski, in Carnegie Hall, performs a jazzed-up orchestral version of Bach's organ prelude "Now Come the Heathens' Savior."

Just what is the cause—besides the obvious deterioration of religious thought and life—of this lamentable state of affairs is hard to say. The education of church musicians is admittedly the poorest. Protestant sacred music is not taught systematically except in a few of our leading theological seminaries, and the average church musician's ignorance of the nature and role of his art in religious services is surpassed only by his pastor's unconcern. The Catholic seminaries are equally deficient, and the average (and not so average) priest, who learns his liturgic music by rote, has not the faintest notion of the historical role that music plays in the liturgy. All of them would do well to leave off preaching on foreign affairs and to study a bit the order of service Bach conducted in St. Thomas's, or the procedure employed in the Sistine Chapel; it would surely lead to a more elevating religious experience than a good game of bingo or a nice church supper.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

★
HAL WALLIS
The producer of "Casablanca," "Love Letters" and "Saratoga Trunk" now brings you
ROBERT YOUNG
SYLVIA SIDNEY
ANN RICHARDS
in "THE SEARCHING WIND"
From the Successful Broadway Play by
LILLIAN HELLMAN
with DUDLEY DIGGES
and introducing
DOUGLAS DICK
A
HAL WALLIS
PRODUCTION
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE
Screenplay by LILLIAN HELLMAN
A Paramount Picture
★
IN PERSON
★
The Singing Sensation of 1946
ANDY
RUSSELL
Plus
ALEN CARNEY
JACK WILLIAMS
THE PIED PIPERS
Extra Added Attraction
RAYMOND SCOTT
and His Thrilling
NEW 1946 BAND
★
PARAMOUNT
TIMES SQUARE
Midnight Feature Nightly
★

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

Exotic pageantry, dynamic conflict, humor and understanding in a fabulous story of real life . . .

Irene Dunne
Rex Harrison
Linda Darnell

"ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"

Directed by John Cromwell
Produced by Louis D. Lighton
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE:

"BANDBOX REVUE"—Gay, smart spectacle produced by Russell Market, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

Carlsbad Caverns, the world's greatest
Incomparable
Overwhelming in their immensity—no cave in the world can compare with Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. In rums, too, *one* is beyond comparison:

MYERS'S RUM!
100% Fine Jamaica 97 Proof

The Worlds Best is Jamaica Rum!
Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum!

For free recipe book of popular rum drinks, write to:
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
Sole Distributors in U. S. A.
57 Laight St., Dept. SR6, N.Y. 13

THE $200,000,000 REMINDER

(*Continued from page 20*)

feeling that the $200,000,000 or more involved in the tests, if used in medical research, might go a long way towards answering some of the riddles that everyone agrees ought to be solved, but that still lack any integrated or comprehensive plan of attack.

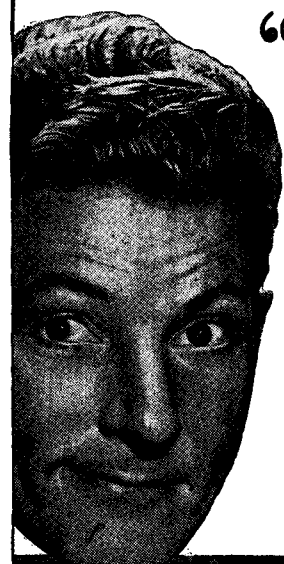
Even more compelling is the argument that this is a particularly poor time for the United States to demonstrate its mass death-producing techniques. A nation which has failed to live up to its commitments to millions of people who are looking to it for food may not be in the best position to spend hundreds of millions in trying out atomic bombs. Not, at least, if we place any value upon the good will of the bulk of mankind—or is that an old-fashioned sentiment in an atomic age?

With it all, however, it may be that the tests will fulfill a useful purpose. It may be that we have forgotten too much since Hiroshima. It may be that the world is in need of periodic reminders, however costly. It may even be that a real disaster at Bikini could serve as the equivalent of another war which the world apparently needs, but cannot afford, before it will be ready to take the long step in its political evolution to organized world law.

NORMAN COUSINS.

John Mason Brown is in London for SRL. Seeing Things will be omitted until he returns.

BETTE DAVIS
in her exciting double role
"A STOLEN LIFE"
WITH GLENN FORD
DANE CLARK
WARNER'S HOLLYWOOD
B'WAY 51ST
OPENS 10:30 AM
CONTINUOUS · LATE FILM AT MIDNITE



"Danny Kaye is funnier than he has ever been"
Bosley Crowther —*Times*

Samuel Goldwyn presents
DANNY KAYE in
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN
IN TECHNICOLOR
with VIRGINIA MAYO · VERA-ELLEN
THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released thru RKO PICTURES, Inc.
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD

Extra MIDNITE Show Every Night
ASTOR
B'way at 45th

"I Am Going To See It Again."
—EUGENE O'NEILL
The THEATRE GUILD presents
LAURENCE OLIVIER
in William Shakespeare's
"HENRY V"
IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists
PRICES: Eves. (at 8:30) $2.40, $1.80. Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20
ALL SEATS RESERVED
NOW! N. Y. CITY CENTER 131 West 55th St.

MARTINSON'S
"LOVE THAT COFFEE"

"A FILM CLASSIC, DON'T MISS IT!"—McManus, PM
"BRILLIANT & UNFORGETTABLE!"—Barnes, Her. Trib.
"OPEN CITY"
WORLD, 49th ST.
5th RECORD MONTH
DOORS OPEN 10:30 A. M.
E. of 7th Ave • CI. 7-5747
"AN EXTRAORDINARY FILM!" —John Mason Brown, Sat. Review of Lit.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

28 beloved teachers inspired it.
23 distinguished students wrote it.
Every American who remembers his school days will love it.

THESE MEN AND WOMEN helped mold the ideas of the world. Many of them seem to us now to be giants towering above the pages of history —mighty, flawless, cold. Yet to the students who shared their lives and spread their teachings they are living personalities, warm and familiar friends with a full quota of faults and virtues for which they were censured and adored.

Here are the irritating, inspiring humans that more than a score of their outstanding students recall with reverence, with chuckles, and with tears . . . great teachers all gratefully remembered for the added dignity their lives brought to mankind.

AMONG THE TEACHERS: *Mark Hopkins, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Mill, César Franck, Sigmund Freud, Woodrow Wilson, Auguste Rodin, John Dewey.*

AMONG THE STUDENTS: *Helen Keller, John Stuart Mill, H. G. Wells, Christopher Morley, Malvina Hoffman, James Russell Lowell, Hanns Sachs.*

Just published, 351 pages, $3.50

Her student was a child—blind, deaf, and dumb—who asked the meaning of love

. . . and with infinite patience and tenderness, Anne Mansfield Sullivan made Helen Keller understand.

"I have no remembrance of the time when I began to learn Greek. I have been told it was when I was three."

. . . So begins John Stuart Mill's story of one of the most extraordinary educations any boy ever received.

He was arrogant, despotic, domineering, to his students and even to friends

. . . yet Woodrow Wilson became a generation's world symbol of democracy.

He spoke in a quiet voice to an almost empty hall

. . but Sigmund Freud changed the thinking of man.

Great Teachers

PORTRAYED BY THOSE WHO STUDIED UNDER THEM

Edited by HOUSTON PETERSON

YOU CAN TALK WELL

By RICHARD C. REAGER, author of *Speech Is Easy.* Increase your efficiency by improving your speech. This book shows you how to develop the abilities you were born with. Realistic, helpful chapters on *telephone talk, sales efficiency, written reports, banquet speaking.* *$2.50*

MIRACLES FROM MICROBES:

THE ROAD TO STREPTOMYCIN

By SAMUEL EPSTEIN and BERYL WILLIAMS. The wonder story of *Streptomycin,* a powerful weapon against whooping cough, dysentery, food poisoning, and certain types of human tuberculosis. The unvarnished facts on what the "wonder drugs" can, may, and cannot do. Introduction *by Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, the Surgeon General.* August selection, *Scientific Book Club.* *August, $2*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Rutgers
UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.

GROUNDS FOR LIVING

Edited by RICHARD B. FARNHAM and VAN WIE INGHAM. Let the experts show you all the shortcuts to the lawns, trees, and gardens you've always wanted, with less expense, less worry, and fewer callouses. *A book for lazy people, with over 150 illustrations, charts and tables of trees, shrubs, flowers, vegetables, and fruits.* *$2.50*

BRADY'S BEND

AND OTHER BALLADS

By MARTHA KELLER.

Carl Sandburg and *Stephen Vincent Benét* discovered this stirring new voice in American poetry. A rich collection of 73 magnificent ballads which recapture the spirit and vigor of our national folklore. "BRADY'S BEND is a book to own and be owned by."—CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record.* With scratchboard drawings by EDWARD SHENTON. *$2.50*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little, But Oh, My!

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE. By Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, & Carolyn F. Ulrich. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1946. 440 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THIS book is good for many a laugh, many a cheer, and many a snort of sheer disgust. It is a history of literary megalomania at its most sublime as well as at its most ridiculous. And it is, for the most part, completely fascinating reading.

By "little" magazines, of course, the authors do not mean the pocket-sized commercial products which swarm on our newsstands. They mean magazines which are (or have been) little in circulation but big in literary, critical, personal, or political pretensions—and sometimes in achievement—such non-commercial magazines as *Poetry, The Little Review, transition, Horizon, Broom, The Dial, The Masses, Hound and Horn, The Partisan Review.* About the only thing these magazines have ever had in common—except for losing money and the likelihood they would die young—is a severe contempt for popular standards. *The Little Review,* for instance, used to carry on its cover the slogan, "Making No Compromise with the Public Taste," and *The Masses* announced it would "conciliate nobody." Once when someone complained that the man in the street could not understand a story in *The Egoist* the editor (Ezra Pound) snarled, "Then damn the man in the street, once and for all. . . ."

Fortunately there is more to the story than pampered egotism—though there certainly is plenty of that. The authors of this book make the statement that "about eighty per cent of our most important post-1912 critics, novelists, poets, and story-tellers" first reached the reading public through the little magazines. Among these "discoveries" were Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Dos Passos, T. S. Eliot, Hart Crane, Albert Halper, James Farrell, John Reed, Waldo Frank, Allen Tate, and Van Wyck Brooks.

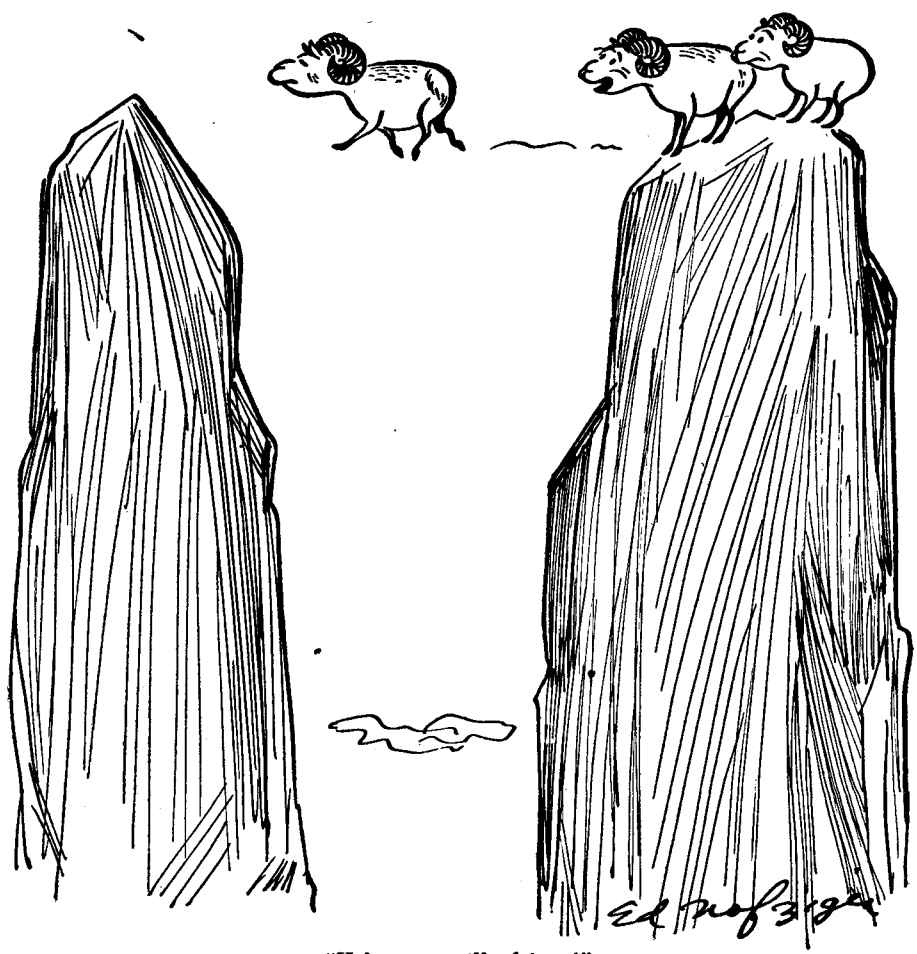
Meanwhile the established book publishers and "big" magazines discovered "about twenty per cent of our post-1912 writers; they have done nothing to initiate the new literary groups." This makes the commercial publishers "the rear guard" and clean-up squad of contemporary literature, while the little magazines are "the advance guard" and will continue to be for some time to come, in the opinion of the authors. For the little magazines are interested primarily in what they print rather than in what they sell. They "are willing to lose money, to court ridicule, to do almost anything—steal, beg, or undress in public" rather than forego their right to publish anything that they think is significant literature.

Well then, just how does a "little magazine" get started, and how does it keep going? Some varied and highly entertaining answers are given here. Some magazines have had angels who could afford to supply them coated paper, stiff covers (just like *Fortune*), and fancy color printing. Others, like *Poetry* (the oldest living little magazine) barely scrape along from year to year on subscriptions and contributions. Perhaps the experience of Margaret Anderson and her *Little Review* is as good an epitome of the entire group as one could find.

In 1914, at the age of twenty-one, Miss Anderson found herself in Chicago, writing book reviews and thirsting for intellectual excitement. She woke up in the middle of one night, all aflame with plans for a new magazine of her own which she could fill "with the best conversation which the world has to offer." The first issue, put out with $450, was devoted to discussions of life, art, marriage, and books. Other early issues stressed criticism of philosophy and literature. Futurism, "Bergsonism," the imagist poets, and Emma Goldman's anarchy were favorite topics. But the editor become more and more impatient for good original material, especially poetry. Once she announced: "We shall have Art in this magazine or we shall stop publishing it." One issue came out with mostly blank leaves—as a protest against her uninspired contributors.

Meanwhile she had gone so far into debt that she had to sell her furniture and give up her apartment. She spent one summer in a tent beside Lake Michigan, sleeping on a rolled-up Oriental rug, and washing her only blouse in the lake each night. When Chicago stores refused to advertise in her "radical" magazine she ran their ads anyway, and tried—in vain—to collect from them later. Once a woman friend donated a diamond ring to keep the magazine going.

In 1917 she moved to Greenwich Village in New York, where she found the literary material she was after. *The Little Review* plunged



"He's got a will of iron!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into symbolism, Futurism, expressionism, Freudianism. It published Joyce's "Ulysses" as a three-year serial, while Margaret wept, went into hysterics, and browbeat printers and proof-readers into publishing the magazine without pay. One day she started at the top of a New York skyscraper and worked all the way down, asking for a subscription or contribution in every office. Then the Postoffice Department seized four of her "Ulysses" issues and burned them.

In 1922, pursuing an almost inevitable progression, Margaret migrated to France, where printing costs were cheap and *The Little Review* appeared in a luxurious format with bizarre types and different-colored inks. Margaret became the exponent of dadaism, a post-war movement to "destroy the whole cultural structure, beginning with literature." When this faded she took up the even gaudier cult of surrealism. Finally, in 1929, she announced that she and *The Little Review* were through. "As this number will show," she wrote in her last editorial, "even the artist doesn't know what he is talking about. And I can no longer go on publishing a magazine in which no one really knows what he is talking about. It doesn't interest me."

Margaret lasted much longer than most little magazine editors, who usually get bored and kill off their brain-children in a year or two. Sometimes, however, a magazine will linger on even when its editor wants to get rid of it. Such was the case with Alfred Kreymborg's *Others,* which was edited for four years around an icebox in the Kreymborg kitchen, and printed distinguished early verse of Marianne Moore and William Carlos Williams. Long after Kreymborg announced the magazine was dead his wife continued to put out occasional numbers, and when she quit, some of the contributors took over. *Others* finally expired in 1919 from a dearth of editors.

Secession, a magazine which began in Vienna and wound up in New York, was killed by too many editors. It was financed and edited by Gorham Munson, assisted by Matthew Josephson and Kenneth Burke. Munson was a serious-minded young man with "imposing waxed handle-bar moustaches." Josephson was not at all serious and was addicted to literary horseplay. While Munson was in the United States Josephson played many merry pranks with material Munson sent him, such as cutting a one hundred-line poem by Richard Ashton to a three-line aphorism. The two men quarreled violently and Josephson quit to join Malcolm Cow-

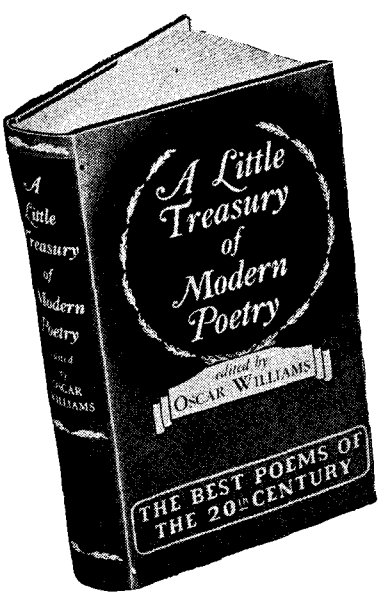
Charles Scribner's Sons
announce the publication of

A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry

Edited, with an introduction, by
OSCAR WILLIAMS

THIS AUTHORITATIVE COLLECTION of the best poems written during the past fifty years at last enables the general reader to have, in one convenient and readable volume, the poetry that has made the literary history of our time. It contains over four hundred poems, a richly complete representation of the major English and American poetry of the Twentieth Century, from the publication of A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* to the distinguished poetry published at the close of World War II. The great figures of modern poetry are well represented with fifteen poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins, fourteen by Robert Frost, twelve by W. H. Auden, twelve by W. B. Yeats, and ten by T. S. Eliot, including "The Waste Land," which Mr. Eliot has permitted to be used in a general anthology for the first time in twenty-five years. The finest short lyrics and well-known favorites by many other important poets, including the younger living poets, will also be found here. This variety and this inclusiveness of representation make the book indeed a treasury

Attractive features include a spirited light verse section and a portrait section of the poets, 64 portraits in all. Mr. Williams' Introduction alone would give the reader a genuine critical understanding of modern poetry, yet, like the entire contents of this rich little volume, it is pleasantly easy to read. Here is a book, for the living room, the library, and for your vacation. *Double buckram cover, gold top, reading ribbon, 672 pages, with index.* $2.75



Among the Contributing Poets:

Conrad Aiken	D. H. Lawrence
W. H. Auden	Vachel Lindsay
Louise Bogan	Archibald MacLeish
Robert Bridges	John Masefield
Rupert Brooke	Edna St. V. Millay
Hart Crane	Ogden Nash
E. E. Cummings	Wilfred Owen
Walter de la Mare	E. A. Robinson
Emily Dickinson	Marianne Moore
T. S. Eliot	Edith Sitwell
Robert Frost	Stephen Spender
Robert Graves	Wallace Stevens
G. M. Hopkins	Sara Teasdale
A. E. Housman	Elinor Wylie
Thomas Hardy	W. B. Yeats
Robinson Jeffers	*and others*

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ley on the newly-founded *Broom*. Both magazines and all the participants wound up in New York some months later, and the climax came when Josephson and Munson met in personal combat at the back door of a cottage in Woodstock, New York. "The strange battle began with both men out of training. They were winded so quickly that the proceedings ended as an inconclusive draw, with the adversaries gasping for breath."

This book is rich in such human and literary interest yarns. It also provides a voluminous index of magazines and personalities, and a valuable check-list of more than five hundred little magazines which have been published in the English language since Reedy's St. Louis *Mirror* began in 1891. The text appears to have been written by different hands and is not always well blended together. The descriptions of the little magazines themselves are witty and entertaining. But the discussions of "regionalism," "imagism," and a few other topics are long-winded, pedantic, and lumpy. Such sentences as "But the singular value of the poet, for example, lies in his appreciation of the complexity of the sense world and his expression of the ambiguities which result from linguistic compromise" sound like academic jargon. I do not know, either, what is meant by someone giving his "posthumous consent" to a publication, or why the authors think that Mikhail Bakunin (who died in 1876) ever wrote about "Lenin on Marx."

The authors seem to assume—though they never state this very clearly—that literary men and especially poets should confine themselves to questions of language, psychology, and general esthetics, and avoid any personal involvement with the social or political issues of their times. In the 1930's, they tell us, problems of existence became more important than problems of expression, and this had a harmful effect on literature. The war, too, was most unfortunate, for it deprived young would-be writers of a chance to brood over their own reactions to things and forced them to think about the rest of the world. All I can say about this is that it is too bad.

Reading this book leaves one with the feeling of banging around inside an enormous teapot for a long time. Certainly the little magazines publish just as much trash—in proportion to total output—as their commercial big brothers. However, they seem to have a lot of fun, and this book is a handsome and enlightening account of them—a credit to its authors and the press which produced it.

Woman's Crowning Glory

TALKING THROUGH MY HATS. By Lilly Dache. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1946. 265 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PROFESSOR HABBAKUK DALBY SMYTHE, F. R. T. S.
Sometime Lecturer on Fundamental Theology and Metaphysics at the College of St. Fabian LeBon.

MAN is the only animal who laughs. Man is also the only animal who can change his plumage at will. I have always suspected that there is a connection between these two facts, and now, after reading Miss Lilly Dache's autobiography, I am convinced of it, though what the connection is I cannot yet define. I found Miss Dache's book in my wife's boudoir when I went there to borrow some pipe tobacco (we both use rough cut). The woman herself—my wife—had fled, obviously to a milliner's, and obviously in a tizzy. I loaded my meerschaum and settled down to read about Miss Dache.

She seemed, at first, an incredible woman. The fact of the autobiography itself, for instance, was hard to believe. How could a woman scarcely forty, who arrived in this country only twenty-two years ago with $13 and no knowledge of the language or the people, have achieved the stature and importance which are implied by a volume of memoirs? Even the most fabulous of our immigrant-to-riches boys were not able to put up buildings of their own twelve years after landing. Miss Dache did, and so help me, the building is devoted to the making of hats, women's hats. There is almost nothing a woman will not do for a Lilly Dache hat.

Lilly Dache has made the hat "as important as the psychoanalyst's couch."

And there is almost nothing, apparently, which a Lilly Dache hat will not do for a woman.

"Being a milliner is something like being a doctor," says Miss Dache. "Women have come to me for a hat to make their dreams come true. (Sometimes they do.) They have come to me in disappointment or grief, for a hat to take their minds off their troubles. (It very often works.) They have come for a hat to hold a husband. (This is more difficult, but not impossible.) They have come for a hat to catch a husband. (This is easy.)"

My pipe went out while I pondered this paragraph. Here was the secret of Lilly Dache. She had effected a union of medicine and romance, a marriage of Aphrodite and Hermes. She was more than a redheaded Frenchwoman, sitting up in bed with a leopardskin robe over her knees and a hat on her head, playing with bits of straw and felt. In an age of social and medical upheavals she was a synthesizing and a coördinating force.

Since the Renaissance we have had to deal with theories of individuality; since Freud we have had to deal with theories of personality. Always we have had to deal with sex, theories or no theories. It was when Freud tied his ideas of personality to sex that the environment was created for Lilly Dache. Plumage became part of personality, an external mark of an inward consciousness. The hat became as important as the psychoanalyst's couch—more important, in fact, for it was quicker, cheaper (even at Lilly Dache prices), and more practical. The average emotional problem of a woman is too minor for serious psychotherapy; a hat will do the trick. But not an ordinary hat; not a ready-made hat. It must be a hat which is tailored to the woman, the problem, and the end in view. The end in view, says Miss Dache, is always a man.

Why then do so many husbands react in the wrong way to their wives' hats? Miss Dache says it is because the hats in these cases do not fit the problem; they are not the right hats for the women. I can believe this—many a sparrow wife longs to be a cardinal, but a sparrow husband wants a sparrow wife. I contend, however, that there are complications of which Miss Dache is unaware. In the minds of both men and women plumage is associated with romance and the public portions of the interminable chess game between the sexes. A woman wearing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a hat in public is one thing; a woman wearing a hat in her own home is quite something else.

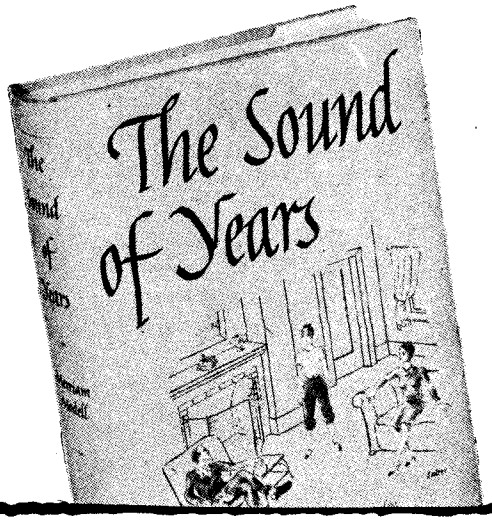
Miss Dache, have you ever heard a woman say to the members of her family, "Will you please give me a chance to get my hat off?" Have you ever looked at a woman when she was in that state of irritation, and noted the disparity between the countenance of the hat and the expression of the face? If you have observed this then you understand why most husbands think their wives' hats are silly. The average husband sees his wife's hat when it is being put on and when it is being taken off. In both cases there is much excitement, great dither, and no good humor whatever. He does not see the hat in the interim, when it is floating down the avenue over his wife's serene and smiling face.

That, Miss Dache, is a husband's dilemma. I have myself seen a woman wearing a pert hat designed for flirtation, wearing an apron and washing out underwear in the kitchen sink. Of course that sort of thing is not your problem. In the first place that sort of woman can't afford your hats, and in the second place you wouldn't sell them to her if you knew she was going to wear them while doing her washing. But it is *my* problem, Miss Dache, and the problem of millions of other American husbands. I would not have brought it up except that in your autobiography you undertake to defend all women's hats. I do not think all women's hats are defensible. Your hats speak for themselves and they are worn by women who can afford to make a career of romance. Most women can't, and they look silly trying.

But I agree with your theory and I applaud your attempt. No pioneer is completely successful. The *idea* of the Lilly Dache hat is all that most women can now afford; the hat itself they must forego. But that idea will persevere, and eventually it will produce in many women the knowledge which now you must supply for them —the knowledge of what kind of hat is most suitable, most harmonious, most effective. Some day every woman will be her own milliner, just as every man will be his own employer. In the meantime Lilly Dache will care for the more fortunate, and the rest will look faintly silly.

There is no doubt that Miss Dache is a genius in her line. When she was six she tore up a lamp shade to make a hat. In Paris, when she was seven, she ordered a boy's red bicycle hat for herself, planning to wear it to America. It was eleven years before she sailed for the United States, during which she learned the millinery trade in Paris and listened to her mother say that with green eyes, skinny legs, and two left hands how could any girl expect to get a husband?

She landed in Hoboken in 1924. Her first job in New York was in a millinery store on upper Broadway, at 77th Street. Eventually she bought the place, changed its location, expanded the floor space several times, and finally in 1936 built the House of Dache on 56th Street just off Park



HOW

CAN A WOMAN FORGET THAT SHE HAD A DAUGHTER 17 YEARS AGO?

In THE SOUND OF YEARS, Merriam Modell has created a happily married, highly respectable woman who was able to put out of her mind—completely—the fact that a youthful romance had resulted in a child.

"Since such conduct is hard to accept even in an animal," comments the *New York Times*, "it is quite a feat that Miss Modell, in her first novel, is able to draw a sympathetic portrait of a woman who cold-bloodedly leaves her newborn, illegitimate child with foster parents, and never gives another thought to her welfare. So strong is this author's belief in her story that it further becomes possible to accept this mother's responsible and tender love for her legitimate son, born twelve years later. It is as if in the interval between the two births, Ellen Cole had had not only a change of heart but virtually a change of species."

The Sound of Years

By MERRIAM MODELL

$2.75, wherever books are sold

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avenue. There she lives in a penthouse with her husband, Jean Despres. She has combined the American and French ideas of marriage—the American notion that the situation requires romance and the French feeling that the union is indissoluble—with success. The secret of being a wife, she says, is simple: work hard at the job.

So that is Miss Lilly Dache. I am still convinced that there is a connection between man's ability to change his plumage and his ability to laugh, but what the connection is I still do not know, and whatever it is I feel that Miss Dache is slowly dissipating it. She believes that a woman's hat is part of her personality rather than part of her costume. And I think she is right, but until everyone has a Lilly Dache for her milliner she will continue to seem in costume and look somewhat miscast.

Fish in the Bathtub

WE SHOOK THE FAMILY TREE. By Hildegarde Dolson. New York: Random House. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE PANETTA

I KNOW a lot of people living upstate who'll be reading this book and laughing so hard they'll look human for the first time since Hoover. I call this an upstate or Republican kind of humor, a humor concerned with things and doings, and which passes up humanity as if it weren't worth the bother. Just the same it gets laughs, gets them on every page, gets them as fast as you can reset your false teeth.

It's the story of Hildegarde Dolson from the day she was born, or rather the days she was born, since she was born on two days, August 31 and September 1, to the time she finally gets an acceptance check from *The New Yorker* magazine, the same *New Yorker* now famous for *The New Yorker* kind of humor, *New Yorker* kind of writer, and *New Yorker* kind of reader. What happens in between is not important, except that the girl who's telling the story has a whirlwind sense of humor, a humor that's alive and kicking, even if the people who appear in the book seem like little statues. One of the family seems to have more life than the others, that's Mama Dolson, a gentle kind of lady who gets her logic from the same people Billie Burke gets hers. In the city, Mama Dolson would have a hard time crossing Fifth Avenue. But in Franklin, Pa., she manages to get pregnant and have four children, of which Hildegarde is one, and while you think her wits are somewhere listening to the pipes, she actually keeps the family together. With her moonalicious logic she convinces Hildegarde it's all right to take a bath with a couple of bass (fish) in the tub; she manages to make a bird bath from the top of a garbage can; and when Hildegarde's bonnet is a little dull: "I think I'll just get out my oils and paint some flowers and birds on it."

A nice lady, Mama Dolson. And there's Papa Dolson. He appears once in a while to wonder at what it's all about; he never asks questions; would you, if your wife could make a bird bath from the top of a garbage can? So if you don't see him around much, be satisfied that Robert Day has drawn him a few times, and yes, have pity for that look you see in his eyes. Incidentally, whoever picked Robert Day to illustrate the Dolsons ought to be kissed by Hedy Lamarr. If it was Bennett Cerf, the heck with it. Him just let's forgive for all the old jokes he's been sending around the world the last ten years. But Robert Day and the Dolsons go together like cuckoo and clock. Whenever you feel you've laughed too much with Hildegarde, you can look at Day's pictures and laugh some more.

The funniest part of the book is when Hildegarde is home with the family. There is her first prom, in which she has a sad time trying to get a guy to take her. (Hildegarde keeps saying she's an ugly son of a gun. But there's a picture of her on the back cover that'll make Kathleen Winsor go take another picture with her next book.) Somehow a little guy with short pants comes along, and Hildegarde has to take him because time passes and what's worse than missing your first prom . . . what? In the few hours she has left before the prom, Hildegarde prays to God to make the pants longer, but God pays her no attention, and before you start blaming God let me explain that Hildegarde has been two-timing God without mercy—she'd pray hard for something she wanted very much, promising God that she would go to church every Sunday without fail, and then, when God answered her prayers, she would forget all about church. So God sent the little guy to the prom with the short pants; for which all of us should be thankful, because upstate or Brooklyn, Republican or Democrat, those short pants make a very very funny chapter. And very very funny is the chapter about the mudpack, in which Hildegarde gets her face caught in some of the best advertisements that ever hit the better magazines. Really to enjoy this chapter you should be a woman or, like me, you should have a wife who goes around the house with a mudpack everytime you want her to laugh at a joke you made up. My wife never gets her face caught because she uses mudpacks with zippers, but Hildegarde is talking about the "golden" twenties, when there were no zippers—only God, to whom you could pray in a pinch. This time God relented and quickly got Hildegarde out of the mudpack.

All the chapters in "We Shook the Family Tree" are funny, and all of them could have been dull. The difference is Hildegarde Dolson. She can't help being funny, she's proof that you can't think about humor, that it has to come all by itself from wherever it is it comes from. Her humor is light-hearted, free, and all over the place; at times it is sudden and sharp, as when it comes up to tickle our inhibition Number Five, sex; then you'll either smile or howl, depending on your degree of starvation.

Tree Song

By Norma Lay

LET words depart from love
only so far
as leaves from root-stir.

Let this be the artifice
sentences devise:
across an arc

as clear as summer branch
swings toward summer sky,
to letter joy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dog's Life

THE PSYCHOPATHIC DOG. By John Philip Sousa III. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 191 pp. $2.

Reviewed by CH. KEVIN OF KINSALE

IT HAS never been the custom of dogs to write books about men, and it is my opinion that men should be as well mannered in their attitude toward dogs. Each of us has his failings; why publish them for the world to see? We dogs are striving toward the integration of personality; men are attempting to weave two billion integrated personalities into a peaceful society. In his effort man follows certain ideals, which he calls spiritual truths; in our attempt we follow man, who is our ideal. Man's ideals do not change; spiritual truth, for him, is eternally static. We dogs are in a different situation; we have two billion separate and distinct ideals, and some of them are enough to drive the most sincere and aspiring hound back to the group consciousness from which he emerged.

The story of Chooie, as told by John Philip Sousa III, is a case in point. An ordinary mongrel, Chooie had excellent possibilities. She was intelligent, ambitious, and quite aware of what she wanted to do. She found herself, however, in a nest of personalities so tangent to the circumference of normality that every one she followed led her blindly off into space. Suppose a human child were sent to a school where five separate teachers taught him, (a) two and two make five, (b) the sun revolves around the earth, (c) water runs uphill, (d) children are hatched from eggs, and (e) everything printed in the newspapers is true? Would you not expect that child, when turned loose in the world, to be confused? So was Chooie, who lived with the Sousas.

Her failure to achieve the confidence she needed, the poise she longed for, and the personality which obsesses all of us, was caused by her environment. It is too much to expect a man to understand a dog's problems; he has enough to do with women, the income tax, and the atomic bomb. But normally he does two things for a dog—he loves him and he sets an example of steady and intelligent action. The Sousas did not love Chooie, except in those sentimental spurts which are worse than nothing, and as for steady and intelligent action, they were opposed to it on congenital grounds.

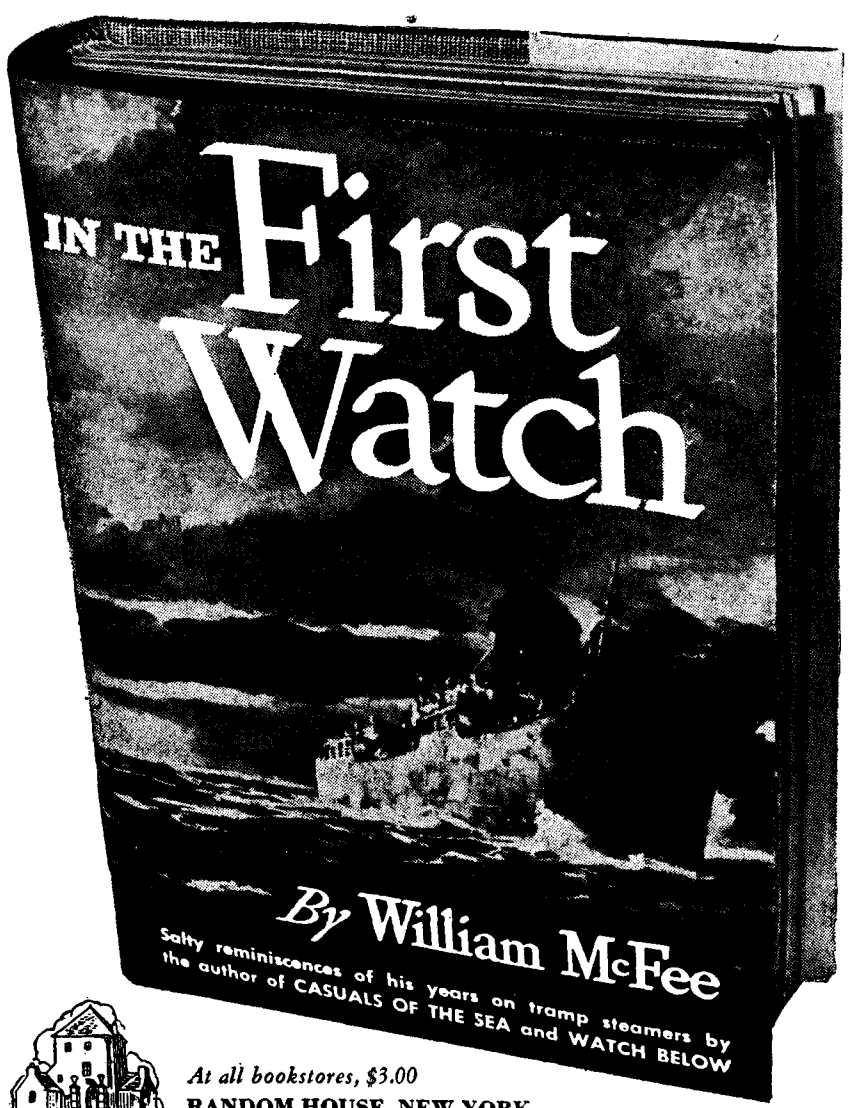
I do not contend that they should have done better by Chooie. They did, I am sure, the best they could. With a differentiation total of two billion we must not expect too much; look at the trouble the United Nations *(sic)* are having. What I wish to say is that this record of a dog's failure to achieve his basic purpose might better have been left unwritten. As I noted, we dogs have not written books about men. Nor do we intend to. Is it too much to hope that the master will observe the servant's example? I hope not.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY SAYS:

"This is McFee at his best!

. . . It is rich, wise, amusing. There are storms at sea, Mediterranean moonscapes, most humorous trips from docks to doxy, and one of the best scandalous short stories I know. The story of the well-meaning Welsh skipper who took his wife and baby to sea should be included in every Handbook of Hymen."

—Book-of-the-Month Club News


IN THE First Watch
By William McFee
Salty reminiscences of his years on tramp steamers by the author of CASUALS OF THE SEA and WATCH BELOW

At all bookstores, $3.00

RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

MARTINSON'S

"LOVE THAT COFFEE"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simenon in a New Genre

THE MAN WHO WATCHED THE TRAINS GO BY. By Georges Simenon. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

M. SIMENON abandoned the writing of mystery novels ten years ago, but the backlog of Maigret tales—of which he used to write one a month—was so great as to keep his later works from reaching us in translation until quite recently. Those who read "The Shadow Falls," published here last fall, discovered to their surprise and pleasure how perfectly at home is M. Simenon outside the field of the detective story—how much, indeed, he belongs to the best tradition of the French novel. Here again, in "The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By," he works in the perhaps transitional type of novel he has marked out: a tale that has its origins in crime but diverges almost at once toward the writer's more important preoccupation—character. So far as crime is concerned, those who mourn the passing of Maigret may be richly consoled. Simenon has not given up his keen understanding of the instincts of the malefactor, nor his cool tracing of the incidents of crime, step by step, each second clocked with the unemotional clarity of the police conference.

But the crime is not the thing, not any longer. It is the profound transformation of personality to which Simenon devotes his attention. In "The Shadow Falls" a whole family is X-rayed in the pitiless light of its degraded instincts. Here, less ambitious but quite as thorough, we behold one man in the process of change. He is Kees Popinga, a clerk in the office of a big shipping concern in the Dutch town of Groningen. He has been the good husband, the devoted father, the typical conventional, reliable man of the middle-class proprieties, who moves within the well-worn grooves of his life without thinking about them. And then suddenly, apparently by accident, he is brought to step aside, out of the groove, to look about him, to wonder at what he has been doing. and to realize that he, his own spirit, his real desire, has never been free to act. The thought destroys the fabric. He cannot go back. He must move out and away. The break cannot be easy, or even good. It breaks more than pattern; it destroys the lives of his family, and it leads him, wondering all the while, to indulgence, lawlessness, and eventual murder. It seems indeed to make him mad. It is thus he ends, at any rate, although it is never certain at any time throughout the story, so subtle and unbiased is M. Simenon's handling of it, whether he or the society that would constrain him is the saner.

It is an absorbing matter to watch the widening of Popinga's consciousness of freedom, and at the same time that freedom's narrowing, as the forces of control draw in defensively about him. It has the double thrill of the external pursuit and the internal psychic drama. I can only add that M. Simenon has but begun to write his novels, that he has just completed a novel with a New York setting, and that we apparently may expect a great deal from him.

Walden to Willow Run

THE DEVIL IS LONELINESS. By Elma K. Lobaugh. New York: Current Books, Inc. 1946. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS short novel helps piece out the picture of the disordered war years in America—the years of the great migrations to Detroit, Burbank, Wichita, Gary, Seattle—when the lives of millions were wrenched from their peace-time pattern. Probably no social and personal problems were more complex and disturbing than those of the Southern hillbillies and Negroes lured by fantastic wages to Northern industrial centers. The transition from Walden to Willow Run was too violent for many an unlettered migrant who needed more than the abundant cash in his pocket (folding money for the first time in his life) to make satisfactory adjustment to a new and unintelligible environment.

The Babe of this brief sociological novel leaves a job as waitress in a sleepy Southern town at five dollars a week to become a hotbed operator in a Gary steel mill at fifty a week. But she detests the hard ugliness of the city, the wretched Northern climate, the tedium of factory routine, the sty-like living quarters; perhaps the mournful words of an old folk-song she brought North with her best define her malaise: "The devil ain't sorrow, The devil ain't fear, The devil ain't even sin or stress, The devil, I'll tell you, he's loneliness." With no intellectual or esthetic resources, she haunts the cheap taverns, pathetically deceived by their false promise of conviviality; and her need of affection leads her into a sordid affair with her unromantic boss. Through her stupidity and ignorance she breaks up a marriage and causes the death of a fellow-worker; then, more dazed than repentant, she starts hitchhiking back to her native Tennessee hills, a sadder but, it must be admitted, probably no wiser girl.

The early part of the book is somewhat aggressively hardboiled in style, with the tedious overuse of simple sentences and telegraphic dialogue which since "The Sun Also Rises" have been de rigeur with the tough school. But the novelist drops these mannerisms after a while and allows Babe's pathetic story to unfold easily and naturally.

Mrs. Lobaugh knows whereof she writes. Five years of personnel work in Gary, first-hand stories from her father and brother of the strident life in the mills, and her own observations as an amateur sociologist provided her with an awareness of problems in a raw industrial community. Of Babe she says, "I saw her on the streets of Gary, in the taverns. I listened to sly tales of these 'skirts' . . . in the wheel mill, in the rail mill, on the docks. She was a part . . . of the transient, lonely people of Gary. I felt sorry for her; I liked her." Those who prefer a more relentless objectivity may wish that the author had concealed her affection for Babe; they may feel that a completely detached treatment of character and material would have given the story greater sharpness and lent it greater power.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORD HARVEST OF '45

(Continued from page 21)

wit." From *-istic* we get *exclusivistic,* Dorothy Thompson's *Caesaristic (New York Post,* March 21), and Rose Macaulay's *meiosistic (Time and Tide,* May 5). Also from *-y* come Earl Wilson's *sweatery* ("looking very *sweatery* in her sweater") and Carole Landis's *pinuppy.* Other endings are found in *barterable, fissionable,* and *unenlightenable;* in *bit-a-bitarian* and *Yaltarian;* in *zombiesque;* in *didieless* and *veteranless;* and in *hysteroid* and *survivaloid.* New adverbs are *unbookkeeperly, monolithically, Darwinistically,* and *Hitleriteward.*

We have long been accustomed to attacks upon "isms," but this year Elsa Maxwell provided us with a noteworthy variant (*New York Post,* June 26) when she stated that our country continually proves itself against "alien ideologies, philosophies, isms and asms." Unfortunately she does not particularize what "asms" she has in mind. Is she opposed to enthusiasms? to orgasms? or just to simple spasms?

But the new "isms" have cropped up with the usual luxuriance. Documentation has been found for *anti-people-ism, brass-hattism, GIism, Japism, neo-squadrism, one-partyism, ostrichism, smartaleckism,* and *status quoism.* Often the ending is used with proper names, having in 1945 given *Beaverbrookism, MacArthurism, McCormickism* (policies of the *Chicago Tribune*), and *Peronism.* Ivor Brown's *Mugbyism* refers to the poor facilities of railroad stations, deriving from Dickens's Mugby Junction. It turns out that "Anglo-Saxonisms" have nothing to do with the speech of King Alfred, but are monosyllables for which a dash must be substituted in print.

Nouns in *-er* also thrive: witness new ones in *wide-open-spacer, high-pointer, five-starrer* (for our highest ranking generals), *airsicker* (even *seasicker* is strangely not in the dictionaries), and *walkouter* (a conscientious objector who leaves the public service camps without permission). *Gloomster* and *wagster* show that *-ster* is still active. Most problematical of all is the ending *-ee,* because it often does service for *-er,* as in the older *standee, devotee,* etc. The year has given us, in this strange class, *pensionee* (although *pensioner* is old and well established) and *restee* (one who rests). These formations led Harold Ickes to explode (*This Week, New York Herald Tribune,* December 30):

The habit of putting a double "e"

Princeton University Press

PRESENTS

The Little Magazine

A HISTORY AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

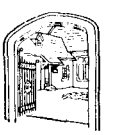
By Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn F. Ulrich

As THE INNOVATORS and rebels of contemporary literature, the "little magazines" have had an influence far out of proportion to the number of their readers or their issues.

The most brilliant and bizarre—*Poetry, The Little Review, Broom, Others, transition, The Dial,* for example—have been the advance guard of important literary tendencies, offering the writer with something new to say his first chance to see his work in print. Theirs is a fascinating story of ideas, experiments in style, and fabulous personalities.

The 165-page Bibliography, prepared by Miss Ulrich, the Chief of the New York Public Library Periodicals Division, and Mr. Hoffman, lists chronologically over 500 little magazines published in English, in this century, with notes on their careers and contributions. *464 pages, illustrated, $3.75*

At your bookstore
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS



MARTINSON'S
"LOVE THAT COFFEE"

GIVE TO THE EMERGENCY FOOD COLLECTION

TO ORDER ANY BOOK OR PHONOGRAPH RECORD
USE THIS COUPON! (Books sent postage free in U.S.)

Doubleday Book Shops,
Mail Order Dept., SRL
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Send the following. I enclose $.....

TITLES WANTED.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....ZONE NO.....*State*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the end of a word reached a new low the other day when there came to my desk a memorandum containing the word "renuncee." This was too much for even my sensibilities, numbed as they have been by years of onslaughts from nauseous concoctions such as "trainee," "evacuee," "amputee," "bossee," "conductee," "boree" and so on as long as the sufferee will stand for it.

Also new are *discriminatee* and *evictee.*

We also have with us the *-ites.* J. F. Dobie, in "A Texan in England," referred to reactionaries as "the Normalcyites with eyes in the back of their heads." Of similar formation are *charterite* (a supporter of the Atlantic Charter), *Elasite,* together with *anti-stockingite* and *pro-stockingite.* The "hormonists" study hormones and the "hierarchialists" support hierarchies. Harold Ickes has referred to members of the cabinet as "cabineteers."

The native suffixes *-hood, -ness,* and *-wright* have given us *Hottentothood* and *sahib-hood; at-easeness, Negroness,* and *tasklessness;* and *filmwright.* The following represent *-ery:*

BOOSTERY: After Mr. Eric Johnston has worked among the old style chambers of commerce for a while, this book of plain speaking may become one of the favorites in these very boosteries. [Elizabeth Stokes in *SRL,* June 30.]

DEBUNKERY: The Bob Hope school of humor is at its height and who would deny that the wisecracking debunkery of Bob, Bing, and Dottie is the perfect fooling? [L. Blanch in *English Digest,* July.]

LAME DUCKERY: Gov. Maurice J. Tobin established a record for "lame duckery" here by salary increases and appointments between the November election and January 4, when he resigned as mayor. [Dispatch from Boston, in *The New York Times,* January 27.]

For *-ana* we have *screwballiana* and *Woollcottiana*: for *-ese* we have *cablese, Goebbellese, patentese, Steinese* (upon the appearance of Gertrude Stein's last book), and *tough-guyese*; and for *-itis* we have *crutchitis, electionitis,* and *queueitis.* The *ologies* are also represented: "contrology" is a system of physical culture, "lipology" is the science of telling fortunes by lips, both "occupationology" and "jobology" serve interviewers of employment services, and "bagology" reveals the significance of the articles that women carry in their handbags. It turns out that the "garbologist" know the latest techniques in treating garbage.

Hard words of Latin origin are still entering the language; here we have *aggravant* (as a noun, in a *New York Times* headline, January 22, "Weather an Aggravant"), *aggressivity, misconstrual,* and *sancimoniety.* Less learned is *blonditude,* used by Ernest Betts in a movie review, "In the meantime, blonditude and platitude will flourish" (London *Sunday Express,* April 15). A Latin-looking word, *scoriation,* used by Professor A. L. Rowse in "The English Spirit," was properly excoriated by Leonard Bacon in the *SRL,* February 24:

"Scoriation" seems an odd word to find in a book from Oxford. This counterfeit coinage cannot be justified by etymology or usage and would have made sport royal for *The Times Literary Supplement* or the *Spectator,* if some American historian had inadvertently employed it.

The word was used once before, in 1582. Certain analogical formations have appeared:

ANGELIC FRINGE, by analogy to *lunatic fringe*: Nor are they the generous hopes of a much smaller "angelic fringe" on the other side. [Lewis Mumford, in *SRL,* September 22.]

SINGLE-ENTENDRE, by analogy to *double-entendre*: "I live in the back room," she said, and then —lowering her voice to a husky single-entendre pitch—"My home is your home." [Knox Burger, in *Yank,* December 14.]

SMALLWIG, by analogy to *bigwig:* From an elevation of ten thousand feet . . . all bigwigs are smallwigs, no matter who collects the taxes. [*The New Yorker,* October 20.]

The process of blending, making portmanteau words, has provided other coinages. An extraordinary gale over the Isle of Wight caused a seismograph there to register that the island had been rocked, and this was reported in London as a *galequake* (London *Daily Mail,* October 27). The troubles at international conferences have been traced to "proto-colic." An echo of Mrs. Luce's *globaloney* appears in the statement of a letter-writer in *Time,* August 27, that "the German woman sold the two G.I.'s a large slice of geobaloney." According to Ernie Pyle, writing from the Marianas (New York *World-Telegram,* March 13), the Marines called the Japanese the "Japes"—a blend of *Jap* and *ape.* In the Philippines the natives who sided with the Americans were known as "Filamericans" (*Yank,* April 13). A label for someone who drinks only tea is, according to Somerset de Clair in "The Golden Carpet," a "teatolitarian."

Certain further expressions belong sheerly among the curiosa. A New England woman, Mrs. Bates-Bachelor, stated, according to *The New Yorker,* March 24, that she had had many "hair-breathing experiences." The typographer W. A. Dwiggins, in his book "Millennium 1," has envisaged a future world in which the machines conquer and rule over what they call *homogrub.* A sergeant from the Bronx has broken up *zigzag* into two verbs: declared Laurens MacDonald in *Yank,* April 13, concerning an escape from submarines, "We never zigged when we should have zagged." Here, too, belongs a coinage attributed to Molotov: Leonard Lyons reports that at conferences he had learned to nod his head and say *okay,* but later, to indicate disapproval, he "shook his head from side to side and declared 'Nokay'" (*Philadelphia Record,* December 5).

WE come finally to a group of words that have been merely suggested, without actual usage. Jay Hormel, in an interview in *The New*

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WHITE MAZURKA *Bettina Boyers* (Crime Club: $2.)	Polish village "transplanted" in Connecticut vale scene of murders cleared up by police and young man on vacation.	Exotic middle-European customs and people at first seem out of place in Yankee atmosphere—then they get you.	Odd—but good
BEER FOR PSYCHE *Dorothy Gardiner* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl dreams of live mouse and Charlemagne Darren is poisoned in picnic party beer. Amateur sleuths and F.B.I. unravel it.	Fantastically named and extra hard to kill clan provide plenty of acrid humor, thrills and action in semi-believable but engaging yarn.	Different
TIGER BY THE TAIL *Lawrence Goldman* (McKay: $2.)	Insurance Co. trouble shooter Johnny Saturday investigates wholesale grocery policyholder, finds him dead, and takes it from there.	Produce market background new and unusual, characters — mostly tough—well limned action plentiful and payoff satisfactory.	O.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yorker (August 11), recalled that the First World War added the verb *to beef* to the language, and he wryly speculated, "Maybe the verb 'to spam' will come out of this war." Earl Wilson suggests that empty talk should be called *congressation* (*New York Post*, March 22). From Dr. A. D. Shaw comes the word *pasture-matics*; according to the *Progressive Farmer*, September: "Now I've always defined 'Pasture-matics' as follows, 'The mathematics of pasture economy.' If I could teach every Dixie livestockman the science of Pasture-matics, it would give them a new hobby."

Speculation about new forms of the movies led Beverly Nichols (*English Digest*, June) to speak of the "smellies" and a writer in *The New Yorker* (February 3) to venture a "technismell." Manny Farber has written about the possibility of "technicolor" and "technitactile" movies (*The New Republic*, August 20).

Even our grammar would be changed if we followed the suggestion of C. F. Archer of Concord, New Hampshire (*Pathfinder*, December 26):

> I suggest coining a new personal pronoun, third person singular, masculine or feminine, namely: "Arn." Example: "If arn travels, arn broadens"; instead of the clumsy form: "If one travels, one broadens," or "If he or she travels, etc."

Probably the word *blodgett* will not have the future it deserves. A writer named Ralph Blodgett wrote an article entitled "We Need Those Depressions" for a journal published at the University of Illinois, in which he said: "Those who can learn to 'ride the business cycle' can find as many advantages in depressions as in booms. . . . That very name 'depression' is inappropriate. It horribly maligns those great periods so full of splendid opportunities. . . . Let us keep those periods but abolish only the name. . . . Some economic research foundation might well offer prizes for suitable names and select the best one." Here *The New Yorker* has jumped into the breach, and although no prize has yet been offered, the writer of "Talk of the Town" (October 27) recommended: "Our suggestion for a name is 'blodgetts.' We would define a blodgett as 'a great period full of splendid opportunities, when the man of the house can get lots of fresh air, exercise, and a chance to know his family better'."

Many of these words recorded for 1945 are, of course, mere flotsam and jetsam that will be washed away and forgotten. The experimentation itself remains the constant, proving again and again that English is very much a living language.

Henry Treece's

COLLECTED POEMS

This volume of 138 poems by one of England's outstanding younger poets should give him in America the position he already holds in Britain—that of the personal voice of the generation which reached maturity during the years from 1939 to 1945.

With portrait of the author

For sale at all bookshops at $2.50, published in New York by

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

The Prolongation of Life

by DR. ALEXANDER A. BOGOMOLETS

Man has, almost from the beginning of human history, looked forward to the day when his life might go over the century mark. Today, with Dr. Bogomolets' discovery of ACS (antireticular cytotoxic serum) the world is closer to that ideal. ACS, in combination with all the other recent miraculous discoveries of modern medical science, holds out the hope that in the not too distant future, all men may look forward to their 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's—and even the 100's—secure in the knowledge that those years will be productive and creative.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES $1.50

An Essential Book

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

The 8th Sees ENGLAND

New—Exciting! AAF Pictorial of your stay in the ETO. You'll thrill to over 250 pictures of air combat—fighters—bombers—flak—London—Norwich—Ipswich and many others. Postpaid $3.00. Send check, money order or C.O.D. Now to Dept. D.

AAF PUBLICATION
6015 West Third St.
Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Face the facts about the Atomic Age—Read

ONE WORLD OR NONE

PREPARED BY 17 WORLD AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT. Edited by Dexter Masters and Katharine Way. "A calm, hair-raising warning of swiftly approaching disaster. Americans who would like to die a natural death can read it with profit."—*Time Magazine.*

At all bookstores • $1.00

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURTAINS OF IRON AND NYLON

(*Continued from page 6*)

no policy adequate to keep the world from starvation, no policy to maintain an army of occupation or even sufficient for military government. We therefore have lost prestige as any country that acts without a policy must lose prestige.

I BELIEVE this comes from our failure to realize the strength of our own democratic ideals, our failure to maintain high our faith in those ideals because we still fall far short of their realization in practice. It is just because we have so often a sense of this failure that we have allowed the Communist ideology to carry the ball, to take the initiative.

The Communist Party in Russia had the practice of requiring its members to make public confession of their failure to fulfill their obligations and of their shortcomings in carrying out party principles. Like the confessional of the Catholic and some of the Protestant churches, like the Day of Atonement to the Jews, this was a strength, not a weakness. In the democratic faith we too must find strength through our acknowledgments of failure. We in America do not measure up to our own creed. The British in their empire do not measure up to the creed of free men expressed in the life of the British Commonwealth of nations. Let us face this. Let us admit and measure our shortcomings. But let us do so in faith and then attempt again to act in that faith. There is no disgrace in repentance if one is truly penitent and prepared to translate one's penitence into action. Such admission of shortcomings, such declaration of faith, is the first step to achieving national policy—and for that matter national unity. Then let us try to apply that faith.

To stand up with other nations for our mutual belief in democracy does not mean that our national policy must include an endorsement of their every act. It does not mean that we must side with Great Britain, France, Belgium, or the Netherlands in their efforts to keep native peoples in subjugation. Nor does it mean that through brave words we shall have to put ourselves in a position to fight —or to retreat from those words—in order to protect American oil interests in Arabia or American trading interests in China.

If the curtains between the nations of the world are to be drawn we need humility; but we must also have pride in our achievements and what we have to offer. It is only by a conviction of our own integrity and our own aims that we can be firm where firmness is needed and that we can be sure that in a world of atomic bombs we are not just repeating patterns of decaying imperialism and phrases of archaic sovereignty.

The first hopeful sign is in the "Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy," prepared by a board of consultants of which David E. Lilienthal was the chairman, for the Secretary of State's Commission on Atomic Energy, which was reviewed in the June 15 *SRL*. This at least presents a realistic proposal of an international agency which will conduct all intrinsically dangerous operations in the nuclear field, leaving to individual nations and their citizens under license and inspection non-dangerous or safe operations with atomic energy.

The first real test of an international policy, based on faith in ourselves and our good intentions, will be concerned with atomic energy. It will come in answer to the question: How far are we prepared to join with other nations in some such program as that prepared by the Board of Consultants of the Secretary of State's Commission on Atomic Energy?

Board and Room in Vermont

A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT. By Pauline Leader. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 275 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

AS a variation on life-with-father-mother-or-both, Miss Leader offers us life with father's flats, or, rather, life with mother's flats, for it is Mrs. Leader who, in her daughter's light-hearted account of life in the "Leader Blocks," turns out to be the directing power behind that curious Vermont tenantry. Miss Leader, who objects violently, on the dust jacket of her book, to "the influx of popular novelists from the South and West who come to Vermont, buy a farm and even before the ink is dry on the deed, proceed to write books about Vermont which no real Vermonter even knew existed," has put together a series of character sketches which purport to provide us with a picture of Vermont life in a unique rooming house. Her characters, transient and permanent paying guests of the Leaders, are, as her publishers contend, "a motley group," moral and immoral people, most of them basically good people, all of them strange people, many of them amusing people. And it is Miss Leader's feeling for them and for life in the Blocks which prompts *our* feeling for them—for all of them from Pete Dugan, burned to a crisp in the fire he probably started, and Giovanni, who got pneumonia every winter but went right on eating only spaghetti, to Ma Shields with hair so heavy that, she said, it gave her headaches.

Actually, the book is a boarding house, held together by the setting and by the vivid Mrs. Leader (who passes effectively through the series of sketches her daughter has written, just as she passes through the halls of the Leader Blocks), a capable and defiant woman who is appealing, even if she is like most capable and defiant women in nostalgic literature. The people who dart about on the pages do so just as loosely as they would dart through the flats, holding everything together only because they are all there, under the same cover, laying no greater claim to affection and respect than the happy fact that they are fairly colorful people viewed through sharp and sympathetic eyes. In Miss Leader they have a good friend—someone who will gather up their idiosyncracies and immortalities in loving literary arms and make the best of them. Their friend has, in addition to a big heart, an adequate sense of humor and a flair for the ironic which, while they do not function often enough to make her book important, do, nevertheless, render it substantial and deliver it from the valley of the cliche, in which rest so many well-meaning books which, while they mean to enrich us with pictures of hilarious and unique households, succeeded only in cluttering up our lives with trivialities.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
MOZART, VIOLIN CONCERTO #5 in A. Adolf Busch, Busch Chamber Players. Columbia M 609 (4) $4.75	An ideal balance betw. orchestra & solo violin—solo clear, but not too loud. Excellent string reproduction. Rather heavily modulated.	A	Busch (solo and conductor) interpretation is painstaking, bit heavy-handed for Mozart. Minor inaccuracies. But the technical beauty of this recording makes it one of best Mozart albums to date.
IBERT, ESCALES. N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia X 263 (2) $2.75	Another brilliant recording in the current N. Y. Phil. series. Orchestral color beautifully captured, high fidelity.	A	This work appeals mainly for its highly colorful orchestration; this recording (on a good machine) is the first to do it justice. Try it on your high-fidelity equipment.
BEETHOVEN, SONATA #7 VL. & PIANO, Op. 30, 2. Isaac Stern, Alex. Zakin.	Excellent balance—piano and violin correctly equal.	A	A lively, intelligent, and satisfying performance of this easy-going Beethoven. Stern (violin) and Zakin (piano) make a sympathetic team.
WAGNER, LOHENGRIN; Bridal Chamber Scene. Traubel, Kurt Baum, N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia X 261 (2) $2.75	Another superb recording job. Really high fidelity with minimum distortion. Baum (tenor) is sometimes weakly recorded.	A	Two first-rate recordings that make good comparison musically and technically. Flagstad surpasses Traubel, but not by as much as usual. Melchior is uneven, intensely dramatic; Baum a perfectly controlled voice without dramatic power. Played on full hi-fi equipment, the Columbia set is noticeably better than Victor (issued 1943); on average machine difference is slight.
Earlier version: Flagstad, Melchior, Victor Symphony, McArthur. Victor M 897 (2) $2.75	Voices are relatively louder in this balance. More uneven than above, with some distortion (intermodulation?) in highest tones.	A—	

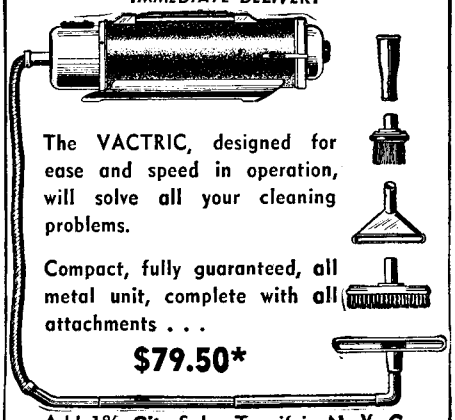
COLUMBIA RELEASES

A FINE album of records, first rate in every respect, as are a number of the above Columbia releases, is in this day of enormously complex industrial techniques a near-miracle. Added to the musical complications of good concert-hall performance are the new and formidable difficulties of engineering, from the delicate business of placing the performers in relation to each other (in a hall with the proper acoustics) and choosing the right locations among a thousand possible ones for each microphone, through the perfecting of the record material itself and the consequent minimum of surface scratch and maximum of fidelity in the finished record. Above all comes a high degree of coöperation, tact, and understanding that is necessary among people whose lives, backgrounds, and attitudes are so utterly different from each other as those of professional musicians and electrical engineers. All in all, the production of a first-rate recording is something to leave one breathless.

The more experience I have with the infinite number of things that can go horribly wrong in the recording or broadcasting process, not to mention the fantastic pressures exerted on every hand by the commercial world, the more wholehearted admiration do I have for those who manage to turn out any kind of acceptable recording. Evidently, in the last six or eight months, Columbia has enjoyed an exceptionally smooth-working team of musicians and engineers. With one or two glaring exceptions, to be sure, Columbia's recent albums have shown an extraordinary meeting of minds and of close coöperation between the disparate elements of the team.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED
ON THIS NEW
VACTRIC
VACUUM CLEANER
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY



The VACTRIC, designed for ease and speed in operation, will solve all your cleaning problems.

Compact, fully guaranteed, all metal unit, complete with all attachments . . .

$79.50*

Add 1% City Sales Tax if in N. Y. C.

Send mail orders to
37 W. 57th St.,
New York 19, N. Y.

Dynamic
ELECTRONICS—NEW YORK, INC.

* F.O.B. NEW YORK

37 W. 57th St.
2 Park Avenue

NEW MODERN SOVIET POPULAR MUSIC
"Russian Hit Parade"
played by
HARRY HORLICK
and his Orchestra
Lyrics sung in English by
BOB HANNON

First recordings of prize-winning compositions by the new composers. Six outstanding numbers, incl. "Morning On The Meadow", "Blue Bandana", "By The Well", "Saber Dance", "Samovar Cafe", "By The Ocean". ALBUM CR5, prepaid in U.S., $4.10.

RABSONS
MAIL MART
DEPT. 5
111 W. 52ND ST. NEW YORK 19

France
A SHORT HISTORY
By Albert Guérard

"A glowing and novel interpretation of a fatherland of the spirit."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

At all bookstores • $3.00

W. W. NORTON & CO.
"Books That Live"
70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

MY simple request for a rhyme to erysipelas resulted in a brain-tidal-wave of attempts, some of which I have already printed. To the others who sent in contributions I can only express my regrets. But had I a prize to offer, it would go to Joseph B. Newman, who writes me from the San Francisco Unified School District, as follows:

François Villon, the favored of Bohemia,
Would never think of rhyming leucothaemia;
Great Bobby Burns, the pride of Caledonia,
Has left no passages about pneumonia;
And all the skin diseases that do stipple us
Are just as rare in verse as erysipelas;
Not that the rhymes are difficult, but simply
That it is not esthetic to be pimply.
I should not mind if there were in your query a
Demand that we should struggle with "diphtheria"
Or "athlete's foot," the "dance of holy Vitus,"
Or indigestion or appendicitis.
It would not be what one would call a crisis
If you should set us such a word as phthisis;
But, William Rose Benét, you think to cripple us
Demanding that we rhyme with erysipelas.
I'll write for you, if you will give a prize, a
Whole sonnet-cycle dealing with coryza,
Not that I like the subject, but your gold
Will gild and dignify the common cold;
But dandruff, which I suffer with, is hard,
And quite beyond the ordinary bard.

Bravo, Joseph B. Newman! I may be able to find something around the house to send you, in lieu of that gold of which I have little. I have enjoyed the other entries.

* * *

The illustration this week is from the Bettmann Archive, Pictorial History and Research, 211A East Fifty-seventh Street, New York 22, N. Y. It is one of their series of prints of reading habits in all ages. The reading subjects were the first prints that Dr. Otto Bettmann years ago put into a modest cardboard box. They were the germs of his archive, which today numbers hundreds of thousands of photographs from rare books, woodcuts, and other graphic media. When called upon to assemble a group of prints on book-reading in the fine arts, Dr. Bettmann was impressed by the fidelity with which the old masters had chronicled the life of their times. The thought popped up in his mind that photos of old manuscripts, paintings, and subject illustration, if filed in certain sequences, would eventually yield a pictorial history of civilization. The material on book-reading led necessarily to subjects like printing and papermaking—and paper mills were early pioneers in the use of power transmission. So a classification of this sort was begun, leading to innumerable other headings. Today the Bettmann Archive contains pictorial evidence of mankind's aspirations and achievments in many fields. The young lady, you will notice, is reading in an early nineteenth-century bathtub. This sport was so popular at that time, it is said, that publishers brought out special editions printed on impregnated paper, proof against the damp. This woodcut is after Lami. The lambie is after either instruction or entertainment. When a youth, I used to read in the bathtub myself, but the family never took kindly to the habit, as it seemed that they always wished to wash their hands just as a particularly lurid passage of some mystery story was holding me captive in the suds.

* * *

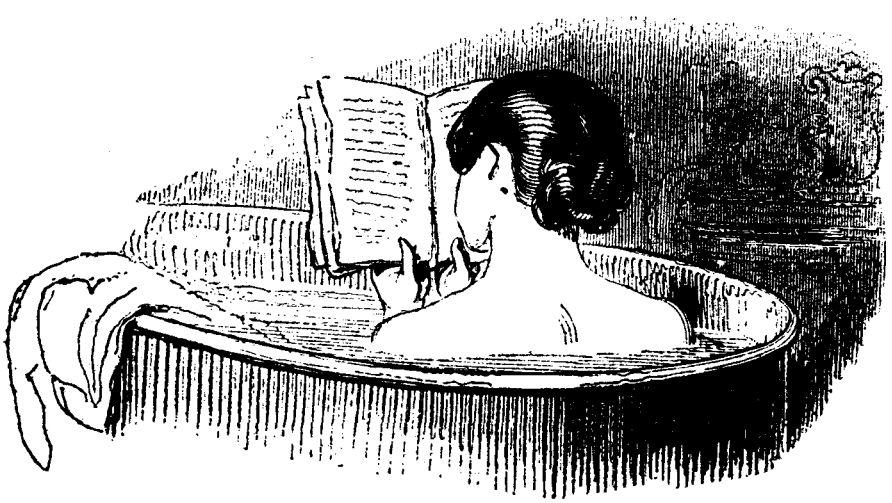
Mrs. Henry M. Rideout of San Anselmo, Calif., furnishes me with the following:

> For Helen Hokinson characters like me, murder and grand larceny seem the only recourse nowadays if we want a spot of fiction. We may vary our diet of whodunits by taking an old favorite novel off the shelf but if we do, it must be one we know will stand the test of re-reading, holding our interest from start to finish, to be laid down with regret. In a class that should include no "standard" works, nothing published under twenty-five years ago, and no book now in a reprint edition, few can pass the grilling test of re-reading. Yet some can, and with flying colors, too. I list six of my own tried and true standbys, but how about other people's choices?
>
> "The Good Comrade," by Una L. Silberrad
> "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," by Marion Crawford
> "Forest Folk," by James Prior
> "The Old Country," by Henry Newbolt
> "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford
> "The Goodly Fellowship," by Rachel C. Schauffler.

And though she says her P. S. is "off the record," I take the liberty of quoting it, as it concerns authors that are phoenixes for any nest:

> I'm sure we agree that many readable books are now in limbo. For instance, does any short story anthology quote H. C. Bunner? Or have they ever discovered "Barney O'Reirdon," by Samuel Lover, one of the funniest yarns ever written? Perhaps some day Rowland E. Robinson will get his due—forgetting him is America's great loss, for what Yankee characters excel his Gran'ther Hill and the rest? You remember that Gran'ther heard Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, and it was no Fourth of July oration, but simply, "Come aout o' yer hole, you damned old skunk, or by the gre't Jehover I'll let daylight through ye!"
>
> Your sister's mention of Juliana H. Ewing did not bring any replies to Phoenix—as far as I know. I wonder if she has ever read "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances," one of that delightful writer's most charming books? It used to be in an Everyman edition.

Incidentally, the late Henry Milner Rideout was a California writer of great ability, as I think I have



—Bettmann Archive

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already mentioned several times.

* * *

Elizabeth Jackson of the Department of English in the University of Minnesota is the author of the following, and contends that it is not only Byronic but Benétesque. I blush.

THOUGHTS WHILE READING EXAMS IN INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!
Wordsworth as well, and Dryden even better.
They never lived inside an Ivory Tower!
I'd reincarnate every true begetter
Of faith, fire, anger, irony, and power.
Come, Swift! Come, Byron! Yes, if I could get her,
It's Byron's Muse, I think, that best could muster
Rhymes for O'Daniel, Bilbo, Filibuster.

For words are things, said Byron. Well we know it,
And fools bray loudest into asses' ears,
While many a wise man, novelist or poet,
Has wandered in his Waste Land twenty years,
Finding his gift too precious to bestow it
On this harsh world of vulgar fights and fears;
Aloof, though Right becomes so Lilliputian
It's done to death by Senate eloeution.

Time was, when poets made themselves terrific.
An Ode could be a trumpet or a star,
A flag, a flame, a sword, a seed prolific,
A scalpel—Byron's foes still bear the scar;
Or, on the other hand, a soporific,
A poison, or a mudbath, filth, pitch, tar.
If words are things, for any fool to choose 'em,
For God's sake, let the right men learn to use 'em.

My friend Leonard Bacon is about the only man among us who can really swing the Byronic stanza and make it bite and burn. And speaking of that, isn't it about time to mention—in a day of essays on rime (new spelling) which may rhyme but often can't possibly be scanned—that an epic called "Ulug Beg" awaits (to my mind) the certain acclaim of posterity, while far less accomplished works are yodelled about. There is also the "Furioso." Verbum sap.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

BUY U. S. BONDS AND HOLD THEM

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER, singing at present in opera, but isolated, desires to correspond with feminine counterpart interested in music, psychiatry. Box 320-Q.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS when you can enjoy at home the Montemartre and Folies-Bergere spirit of pre-war Paris in the pictures and pages of LA VIE PARISIENNE? Single copies, $2.50; 5 copies for $10.00. Bound volumes, 26 issues for $30.00. Box 321-Q.

EDITOR—young, Quality magazine experience, rewrite, manuscript selecting, copyediting, book reviews, wants difficult, responsible job. Box 330-Q.

Famous sensational shorthand and typing course reprinted on inexpensive paper complete for only 25¢ postpaid. Box 331-Q.

SPANISH! SPANISH! SPANISH! Easily! Quickly! Exchange English for SPANISH with refined NATIVES. Practical. Economical. Write: LANGUAGE EXCHANGE CENTER, 1425 Broadway, New York 18.

LIFELIKE PORTRAITS IN PENCIL, distinctive, frameable. Unusual gift or possession. $5.00. Without obligation send photo today. Box 162-Q.

GENTLEMAN keenly interested in the arts would welcome correspondence from refined home loving Eastern lady. Box 332-Q.

SPEND IDEAL SUMMER, 65 miles from New York. Share large home, use of kitchen, spacious lawns. for couple or small family $500.00 to Labor Day. Box 333-Q.

INTRIGUED by these lonely pleas for correspondence "intellectual yet friendly." Invite a problem, that! Femininely curious about the contacts made. How did yours pan out? Box 335-Q.

ESTABLISHED AUTHORESS too polite to find apartment by current aggressiveness. Can kindred spirit offer two rooms, Manhattan, East Side, furnished, long lease, telephone? Box 336-Q.

SUMMER BOARD—New Hampshire—fifteen mile radius Keene, Northfield, Brattleboro. Reservations. Box 334-Q.

WANTED—position by cosmopolitan woman tired of humdrum job. Wide interests, cultivated tastes. Good at book critiques, gift selection. Can also keep books. AB degree, Sorbonne diploma. Box 337-Q.

PLACE TO LIVE IN WASHINGTON, D. C. needed by ex-professor, wife and boy. Boy 338-Q.

AVIATOR—executive wants nice place to roost while househunting. Westchester County. Can help you or yours in aviation matters. Box 339-Q.

WHAT PLACE for middle-aged, unattached lady, social background, capable, cheerful, adaptable, has car, drives. Any suggestions? Box 340-Q.

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

WRITE SONGS? Magazine for songwriters! 10¢ copy, $1.00 a year. Lyrics published free. Monthly prize. "Songwriter's Review," 111-T West 48, New York.

MIDWESTERNER, feminine, just passing youth, friendly, sincere, feeling sometimes "aloneness of mind," desires letters from gentleman, possessing sense of discrimination, interested perhaps in out-of-doors, books, human values. Box 342-Q.

PERSONALS

IS IT METE to eat meat? This question is fully answered by the foremost vegetarians who show you how to meet the "butcher-shop problem" in the AMERICAN VEGETARIAN, a newspaper monthly. Sample issue 25¢. A year's subscription only $1.00. Send for free list of books on vegetarianism, health, diet. THE AMERICAN VEGETARIAN, 117 W. 48th Street, New York 19.

MARRIED COUPLE, college graduates, need furnished apartment near Columbia University, September first. Husband, five years army service, graduate student of Columbia, yearns for home comforts. No pets or children. Write Kathleen Schmitt, White City, Kansas.

ALL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Box 341-Q.

TRY OUR GROUP of Europeans for translation, research, special typing, odd jobs. American Commitee for Emigré Scholars, Writers and Artists, 66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

ASPIRING AUTHORESS, B.A., housewife, needs philanthropic sponsor. $5 per week would enable her secure help necessary to give time to write. $300 would enable her attend writers' conference. Literary friends say need more time and training to succeed. Happy to send details. Hope expensive ad brings results! Box 343-Q.

NORTHERN PINES, Port Kent, N. Y. 1200 acres of unsurpassed vacation facilities on Lake Champlain with Private Golf Course, Private Beach, Tennis Courts and all summer sports. Excellent accommodations; Modern Cocktail Lounge; Superb Cuisine, by outstanding French Chef. Pre-season rates now. N. Y. office Room 2006, 1501 Broadway, CH 4-6921.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

FORMER TEACHER, fifteen years English, journalism, stencil cutting experience, wants work at home. Box 139-Q.

FOR BOOK ADVERTISING, Publicity, Promotion—Write George Butterly, Times Building, N. Y. 18. BRyant 9-8197.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

WANTED: dissatisfied—idealist writer—collaborators. Box 344-Q.

ALL TRANSLATIONS. English-German-French. 6 months experience WAR TRIALS NURNBERG. References. Box 346-Q.

FRUSTRATED MALE wants to hear from females ditto. Box 345-Q.

IF YOU'VE BEEN HAUNTED by a book or magazine which you can't find through ordinary channels, consult us. Box 324-Q.

HIGH CALIBRE widower, unencumbered, humanistic, Middle West, desires correspondence with romantic woman of authentic quality. Box 130-Q.

SUMMER TUTORING. BOYS. In heart of Berkshires. Carleton Parker School, Swiss Meadows, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES carefully searched. Box 993-M.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583, Adults only.

YOUR CARICATURE sketched from clear snapshot. Original. Inked. $1.00. Nobori, Box 215-Q.

JUST RETURNED from year on Caribbean desert island. Desire to renew contacts. Box 347-Q.

DISTINGUISHED MODERN PAINTER will give tuition and room in art colony to two girl students in exchange for cooking and light housekeeping. Box 348-Q.

VERSATILE COLLEGE GIRL seeks interesting full or part time job in Los Angeles during July, August. Box 349-Q.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept. F-29 The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PERIODICALS by asking me for any number at a time. Pay after I bill you at publishers' lowest prices. Catalog SR, free. John Crehore, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

ANNOUNCEMENT

Effective July 1st, rates for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of SRL will be 20¢ per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 14¢ a word; 13 insertions, 17¢ a word; 6 insertions, 19¢ a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN with capital wanted to finance projected general circulation national affairs monthly performing worthy public service. Unique idea involves low cost: $25,000 would test public acceptance: $100,000 carry it year or so and possibly establish it in the big leagues. Box 350-Q.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN COLLECTORS send for free list of books on ceramics. Box 325-Q.

VETERAN should like to exchange liberal interests with veterans or those not discharged. Box 351-Q.

FICTION, BOOKS, PLAYS, ARTICLES marketed. Free reading. Bertha Klausner, Literary Agency, 130 East 40 Street, N. Y. 16.

TEA TREAT: Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Delicious—hot or iced. Trial pound $1.55, postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

PLACE TO LIVE NEEDED by *Professor of English* and artist wife Hollywood, or Los Angeles vicinity. Box 75-Q.

HUDSON GUILD FARM, Netcong, New Jersey. Fifty miles from New York. Beautiful surroundings, informal, tasty food, reasonable. Box 200-Q.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially Licensed and Bonded Service Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

WANTED: Book-Stationery Store doing first rate business. State selling price, net profit, full information. Box 280-Q.

SHOULD LIKE YOUR OPINIONS on causes of and remedies for juvenile delinquency. Box 371-Q.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, BUSINESS BACKGROUND; young woman wants interesting job, N. Y. C.; expert typist. Box 372-Q.

POEMS WANTED for Musical Setting. Send poem for immediate consideration. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

VACATION at THE BLUE DOLPHIN, East Quogue, Long Island. Tranquil Tempo, Superb cuisine.

YOUNG LADY desires correspondence with mature gentlemen. Box 352-Q.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, male, 24, desires position. Connecticut resident. Box 353-Q.

MATURE EASTERN LADY invites correspondence. Box 354-Q.

DORSET, VERMONT. Our Garden House has become available July 15, $91 weekly for two. Mountains on every side; adjoining golf club; pleasant main house; six guests; good beds; food beyond expectations. Mrs. Sears.

GIRL FRIDAY intensely interested public relations. Much ability. Varied experience. Box 356-Q.

EX-G.I. seeks jammed mailbox. Box 355-Q.

OVERSEAS SPOT WANTED by young, expert deskman. Makeup, rewrite. N. Y. newspaper and magazine experience. Now wire service editor. Box 375-Q.

TEXAS is spacious, militant, hospitable, with a quality all its own, says John Gunther. Find out for yourself in the SOUTHWEST REVIEW. Subscriptions, $2.00 for one year; $3.50 for two. Southwest Review, S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.

COUPLE, congenial, would enlarge the circle of their acquaintance. Please write Box 357-Q.

WANT TO BUY Book Store or partnership in eastern U. S. State location, annual business, rent and price. Box 358-Q.

SECRETARY TO WRITER wanted: well educated woman. Write full details. Box 359-Q.

YOUNG ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNER and teaching wife desperately need Manhattan apartment before September 15. Would decorate. Box 360-Q.

BORED BUT CURIOUS GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with lady of similar disposition. Box 361-Q.

MOTHER FORMER NURSE, with three year old daughter seeks work for summer, in country home. Will assume care of other child and light household duties. 9 to 11 A.M. ES. 2-0442, N. Y. C.

MEDITATIVE MAN, uninhibited, would exchange opinions with thoughtful woman. Box 362-Q.

MIDDLE-AGED BOOK FAN would buy a few old stamps and history books. Box 363-Q.

YOUNG-IN-HEART small-town femme, interested in everything. Write. Box 364-Q.

BLONDE T. E. HULMISH COLLEGE SENIOR for summer travel or work. This France, Germany dischargee types, writes, drives and musicizes. Box 365-Q.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, having constructive philosophy of life. Enjoys outdoor life and interested in all things wholesome and worth while. Welcomes female correspondence. Box 366-Q.

YOUNG MAN desires to tutor in Math and Chemistry, high school level. Write Thomas Shipley, 469 Locust Avenue, Phila. 44, Pa.

BACHELOR VETERAN, SOUTHERNER, wishes to correspond with young ladies of cultural interests. Box 367-Q.

I HAVE LECTURED, written, composed for forty years. Now retired, find idle life distasteful; will act as intellectual handy man or in any interesting capacity in fields of music, theatre, literature, art. Box 293-Q.

RENTED lovely room cultured home unique location on Hudson excellent commuting for summer season. Phone Piermont, N. Y. 494.

NOISE DOES MURDER SLEEP (Apologies to Bill S.) If noise disturbs your sleep use Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples, "Soothers for Snoozers" since 1927. Sample box 25¢. Flents Products Co., Inc., Dept. S-4, 103 Park Avenue, New York 17.

COLLEGE SENIOR available as tutor or companion after July 1. Box 299-Q.

VETERAN, 27, preferring practical experience to college study, seeks opportunity in newspaper, publicity or publishing field. Limited experience. Salary secondary. Box 302-Q.

WANTED: Assistant to Registrar. Secretarial training essential. Resident position. Bennet Junior College, Millbrook, New York.

DO YOU go in for gardening? Send for free list of books. Box 327-Q.

HUMAN BEING, middle-aged, write woman who likes conversation, cooking, Olympus, earth. Box 368-Q.

WOULD SOMEONE who likes living share his enthusiasm with intelligent but disenchanted young woman? Box 369-Q.

CORRESPOND with the new 4 year supply of ink Reynolds "400" Pen. Guaranteed for a lifetime. Excellent for manuscripts. Latest model $12.50. Available now. Box 370-Q.

IF THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART is through his stomach, then the cook book to show you the way is CUISINE DE L'AMOUR, $4.75. Send for FREE list of 400 cook books that show you what's cookin' in all periods and in all nationalities. Box 323-Q.

PRESERVE AND RESTORE your Leather Bindings, with "LEATHER LUSTRE." Introductory offer, One Dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: "Leather Lustre," Greenbelt, Maryland.

URBAN WOMAN, liking music, theatre, outdoors, the unusual—seeks diverting, intelligent masculine correspondence. Box 373-Q.

ROOM (shack or guest house) with one meal a day on ocean or lake free from out-board motors, desired by quiet writer (male), 3 weeks or longer. Can pay adequately and furnish best references. Box 374-Q.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, vivacious, enthusiastic, alert and trustworthy would appreciate male correspondence. Box 377-Q.

$100 A WEEK wanted to leave present job. N. Y. newspaper and magazine experience. Copy, makeup, rewrite. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 376-Q.

THE PINE RIDGE EDITOR Bookplate is new. The idea will surprise and please you. Write for free folder. Box 151-Q.

WANTED: LIBRARIAN *for small public.* 5,000 volumes. Complete charge. Metropolitan area. Give qualifications and salary expected. Box 311-Q.

TWO POSITIONS open in September in a Little Theatre in Philadelphia. 1. PLAYHOUSE MANAGER: must have administrative, organizational and publicity experience. 2. PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: must be experienced in handling adults and children. Salaries: $2,000-$2,500 for 10 month season. Reply Box 312-Q.

*IMPOVERISHED, city-weary secretary needs part-*time typing job to finance imperative vacation. Manuscripts, letters—come what may. Box 307-Q.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT, adaptable seeks summertime or permanent position. M. A. English Lit. Experience: research, newspaper, publicity. Box 275-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, professional artist, without car, would share expenses of painting trip to New England, California or elsewhere, August or September. Instruction if desired. Box 288-Q.

WILL WHITE RUSSIAN living in Washington, D. C. or near Warrenton, Va. teach Russian? Box 225-Q.

WILL ASSIST WRITER on weekly basis. Research, etc. Washington newspaper background. Box 262-Q.

There are plenty of famous HOMES in Boston but not a single one for a doctor veteran and his bride. We need 2-4 rooms, furnished, unfurnished, anywhere in the vicinity. Will furnish references, lend you our books. Anything! for a lease or sub-lease. Box 263-Q.

INTERESTED IN LIFE as lived in the Southwest? THE SOUTHWEST REVIEW will bring it to you from fighting roosters to fighting preachers! Send $2.00 for a year's subscription. Southwest Review, S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.

DO YOU PREFER QUIET, peace and rusticity to the *usual summer uproar? If so, a very comfortable,* completely furnished farm-house, strikingly situated in Vermont hills, near Arlington awaits you. Ten rooms, three baths, garage with extra rooms and bath, old barn with badminton court. View forty miles up valley, fields and woodlands, beautiful stream and miles of dirt roads. Rent includes care of garden by salty, trustworthy Vermont native. House available on reasonable terms summer months except August. Box 294-Q.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has struck a new low in receipt of books, but the boys on our ships are reading more than ever. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omnivorous readers. Look around for good books you are through with. Then write or phone Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension open during July and August. Rate $40.00 a week. Rooms now available July only.

YOUNG MAN, Easterner, INTELLIGENT AND VERSATILE. Unusual personality and sense of humor. Seeks correspondence. Box 380-Q.

EX-SHAEF NEWSGIRL, 27, available July—September. Travel mountains, west coast; driver, secretary editorial, writing, languages, tutor. Box 381-Q.

YOUNG FEMALE EXECUTIVE for cattle and farming ranch. Beautiful location, modern home. Secretarial, bookkeeping and supervision of gentleman's household if qualified. No objection to one child. Reply in detail. Confidential. Box 382-Q.

MAN appreciating finest music would correspond with expert for greater understanding. Box 383-Q.

WANTED: used French course—records. Box 399-Q.

BACHELOR WISHES TO SHARE his suburban home with congenial bachelor. One hour to New York. Box 384-Q.

LIBRARIAN with thirty-five years' experience in general and special library work—but without a degree—wishes position as librarian or assistant librarian in small city. Willing to serve in any part of the United States. Box 385-Q.

GENTLEMAN OF VARIED INTERESTS, immured in prosaic office, invites adventurous feminine correspondence. Box 386-Q.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

IS ANYONE GOING TO ITALY? Will you execute a mission for me? Box 387-Q.

YOUNG PSYCHOLOGIST, male; amateur musician-painter, seeks correspondence. Box 388-Q.

CULTURED, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, charming personality, retired teacher of music as companion to lady for summer or permanently. No nursing. Box 389-Q.

SMALL ADULT FAMILY owning summer home near Westport, Conn. would like to hear from a lady who might like to enjoy the months of July, August and September in the country in exchange for light housekeeping services and companionship. Box 390-Q.

"FRIENDY ACRES" in the Poconos. Intimate-Informal. Wonderful food and surroundings. Reasonable. RFD 1, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

LIBRARIAN AND CORRESPONDENT seeks position N.Y.C. Experienced 5 languages; perfect bookkeeper; free July 1. Box 391-Q.

YOUNG MAN, enjoys books, theatre, laughter, invites correspondence Box 392-Q.

HOVEL WANTED for rent, or old ark of a house; anything with charm and possibilities. Stranded veteran naval officer, wife, 7-yr. daughter offer quiet considerateness, utter reliability, and not over $125 monthly. Box 393-Q.

MAN, 30, personable, editorial, teaching experience, author two commercially published books, seeks challenging employment. Box 395-Q.

HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT accredited, experienced wishes assignments. Box 36, Universal City, California.

HAND-FORMED CERAMIC PINS, 2½ inch diameter, luscious black roses, tinged with pink make distinctively beautiful buttons for THAT dress or suit. $1.25 postpaid. Hawthorn Pottery, Laingsburg, Michigan.

BUSINESS GIRL desires to correspond with young men interested either in writing, music, books, photography or James Thurber. Box 396-Q.

MARINE OFFICER, returning to states, and wife want to settle in New England, but need interesting employment to keep a good roof over their heads. Both college graduates. Any suggestions or offers? Box 397-Q.

BUSINESS MAN and writer, college graduate, mature, fond travel, books, music, cards, desires correspondence young lady similar tastes. Box 398-Q.

HAS ANYBODY any early READER'S DIGESTS prior to 1927? Box 188-Q.

FOR SALE: In cooperative community, 13-room house; fine sea views; and other select community privileges; 11 acres; house-plot with choice plantings; 7 master bedrooms, stable with ample service quarters, large and small storehouses. Apply Superintendent, Seven Gates Farm, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

SOUGHT—opportunity for personal professional growth as teacher in school or college believing that development of full capacities of individuals is primary objective of education. B. S., Ed.M., varied progressive educational experiences in Music, Social Studies. Box 277-Q.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

FM—Broad musical education, teaching experience, 3 years in FM radio, responsible successful musical programs leading independent New York station, will organize high calibre musical programs in FM. Exciting ideas on FM technique, good music as entertainment; 100 hours solo broadcasting own program about music. Will asist application FM license: Box 887-P.

DO YOU WANT to own an authentic Abraham Lincoln autograph? We have a five line card signed and written by him for $67.50, framed with contemporary portrait and news item reporting his death. Or send for a facsimile of his application for a saloon license offered for $5.00. Send for free list of Lincoln and Civil War items. Box 326-Q.

FAMOUS EUROPEAN AUTHOR needs Tolnay Youth of Michelangelo now unavailable. Will someone lend it for summer? Box 400-Q.

WANTED one copy "Etching, Drypoint, Mezzotint" by Hugh Paton. Or other books on MAKING a mezzotint. Reynold H. Weidenaar, 827 Giddings Avenue, S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WANTED: German text books. Preferably those used in teaching Intermediate and Advanced German Courses in New York colleges. Box 404-Q.

PERSONALS

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE of the theatre? We have early issues of Theatre Magazine with rare portraits of past artists, reviews, etc. 1900-1930. Single issues $1.50; 5 issues $6.50; 10 issues $15.00. Bound volumes containing 6 issues $12.50. Box 329-Q.

WILL mature, non-smoking, drinking or gambling lady exchange ideas with educated gentleman of like habits? Box 402-Q.

THE BEST pictorial panorama of the past ten years is in LIFE MAGAZINE. We offer set 1936-1944, over 400 issues, 20 volumes bound for $79.50. Also a similar set unbound for $57.50. Box 328-Q.

RESEARCHER wanted by magazine article writer. Experienced part time help required in New York. Give full details of background including remuneration expected. Box 401-Q.

GIRL, tired of grinning men in public relations and dopey men in subways, seeks saint or hero or poet or Rhodes Scholar. Box 403-Q.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this department: 15c a word. Rates for several insertions follow: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Forms close Friday night, fifteen days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45 St., N. Y. 19, N.Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1899. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES FOR BOOKLOVERS. Designed especially for you. Samples and sketches upon request. C. Valentine Kirby, 154 Willow Avenue, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20¢. Books bought.

We PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON, The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA, Autographs, Bibliography, Botany, Early Sciences, English Literature, Fine Arts, Fine Bindings, Incunabula, Natural History, etc. Send for catalogues, state subjects. Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., 11, Grafton Street, London W.I. England.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING; INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. PL 3-1364.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1175 Garner Ave., Schenectady 8, New York.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. L. Sullivan, Mill Hollow, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST. Accurate. 342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. Room 701. MUrray Hill 2-5791.

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Prompt, accurate, reasonable. Irene Herlocker, 251 Vine Street, Hammond, Indiana.

COMPLETE AUTHORS' SERVICE: manuscript appraisal, editing, marketing, criticism. Profitable guidance for beginners. New clients welcomed. Authors' and Publishers' Service, 31 West 92 Street, New York.

WASHINGTON RESEARCH—Will gather data for writer. Know the sources. Newspaper background. Box 261-Q.

AUTHORS—We will carefully consider all full-length non-fiction manuscripts for publication. STEPHEN-PAUL Publishers, 367 Fulton Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

BOOKS BOUGHT

LOUIS SCHUCMAN, BOOKSELLER, 77 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. We buy complete collections, sets and single items. High prices. Immediate removal. Call GRamercy 5-6094.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOUIS SCHUCMAN, 77 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.C. 3. We can supply many hard-to-find titles from our shelves. Unremitting search locates many not already in stock. Try us.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS. Whether last year's novels or rare first editions we'll locate them for you. Jay Thompson, 1 Hillside, Pelham 65, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books Supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

RARE, RECENT AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

BOOKS FOR SALE

IF YOU LIKE BUYING BOOKS (to read), send for our free catalogs. H. H. Evans, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 18, California.

RARE AND OLD BOOKS in foreign languages. First editions. A choice selection of rare German, Italian, Topography, and Elzevir items. Send for our new free catalogue. Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., 1280 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 38, Mass.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc. Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). RE 7-4606. N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

BOOKS

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. First editions, fine prints, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

CARROLL E. KRISE RARE BOOK SERVICE, 104 Chestnut, Harrisburg, Pa. First editions of Fiction & Poetry, Press and Select Americana. Catalogue and Bargain list ready. Sent on request.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CIVIL WAR; F. D. Roosevelt; books, autographs. Catalogs available. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BOOK SHOP, 16 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

BRITANNICA ENCYCLOPEDIA fine 1944 set $135 Americana Encyclopedia 1944 (list $210) $100. Literary Mart, 8 East 33 Street, New York.

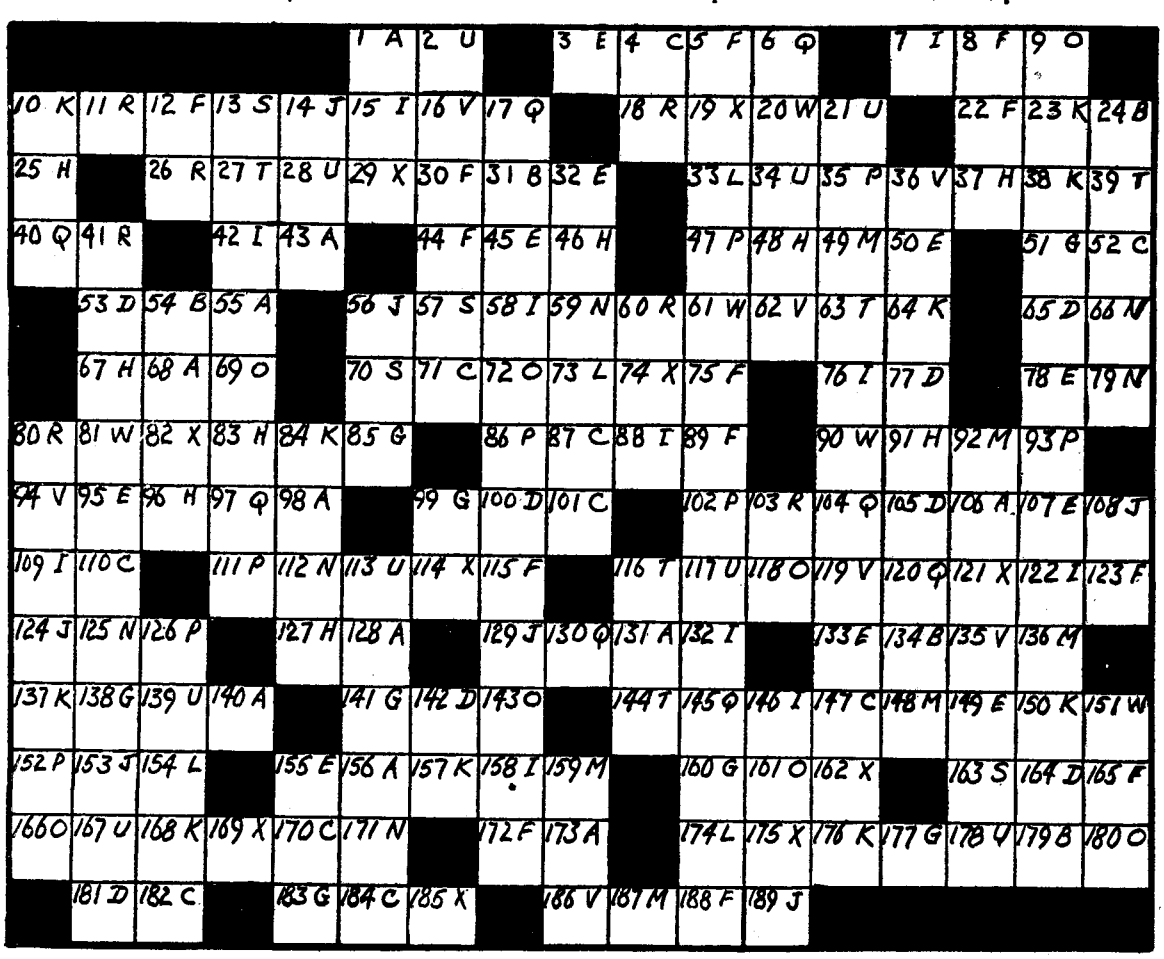
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 640

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The process of transmigration (Hinduism and Buddhism; 3 wds.)	1 68 55 131 156 128 43 98 106 173 140
B. An undoer (Bib. origin).	24 31 54 134 179
C. Region peopled by descendants of Ham's oldest son (Bib.; 3 wds.)	110 4 182 101 87 147 170 71 52 184
D. Icelandic explorer (New Eng., 1004-5).	53 142 65 105 77 181 100 164
E. Even allowing that (2 wds.)	3 45 32 50 107 133 95 149 155 78
F. To attain one's best speed or full capacity (Colloq.; 3 wds.)	8 30 44 172 5 89 188 115 22 12 123 165 75
G. Highest known mountain in Brazil (Mantiqueira range, 9,200 ft.)	51 183 160 141 177 99 85 138
H. To pulverize and comminute thoroughly.	67 96 83 127 91 37 48 25 46
I. Defeat of Royalists by Parliamentarians, July 2, 1644.	132 109 158 58 7 76 15 88 42 146 122
J. Character under which Pope satirized Addison.	124 129 189 14 56 108 153
K. Fine brown-glazed stoneware (England; early 18th Century.)	64 157 84 176 38 150 10 23 168 137

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Night (Fr.)	174 73 33 154
M. Irish playwright (1884– ; "Juno and the Paycock").	148 92 187 49 136 159
N. Crested (of a bird).	59 79 66 125 171 112
O. Christian of Rome, called by Paul "the first fruits of Asia to Christ" (Bib.)	143 118 69 161 9 72 166 180
P. Meanly or foolishly diffident.	102 35 126 152 47 111 86 93
Q. A gay seducer (Rowe's "The Fair Penitent").	17 120 6 130 97 145 104 40
R. "Potato Hill" of a recent Midwestern sage and journalist.	11 80 103 60 41 18 26
S. An emotional outburst, usually of anger or vexation.	70 57 13 163
T. City in Florida.	39 116 27 144 63
U. Responsive to suggestion, appeal, etc. (Comp.)	178 117 2 34 113 21 167 28 139
V. Famous poem by Kipling (1897); one who lives by preying on others.	135 16 94 186 62 119 36
W. Two famous old Norse works, one poetic, the other prose.	20 151 61 81 90
X. To seize and steal; to procure at any cost (3 wds.)	74 175 121 114 169 19 29 185 82 162



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

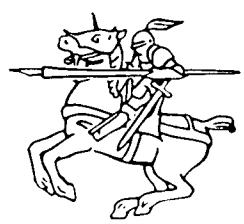
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU ARE INVITED TO TRY

Something unique in magazines!

A monthly anthology of the best writing of all time . . . edited and selected by the staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* A perfect companion for those who read for pleasure.



Encore

A CONTINUING ANTHOLOGY OF THE BEST READING IN CONVENIENT POCKET FORM

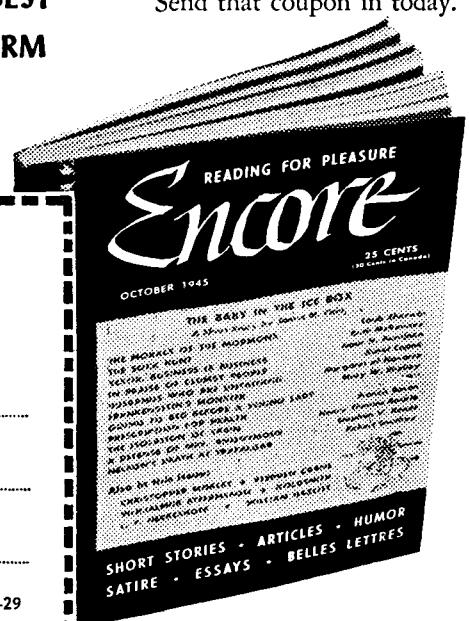
ENCORE is more than a magazine . . . it is a book, a literary museum, a cumulative library, a treasury of the great and the curious, the deservedly familiar and the undeservedly neglected. Where else can you find Horatio Alger cheek-by-jowl with Ovid, Rousseau, King Solomon, Jesse James or Dorothy Parker? It is, in short, a monthly anthology of the best reading—prose as well as poetry—that can be packed into 128 pages. *And it is conveniently indexed.*

ENCORE began three years ago as a hobby; it is already an American institution. You owe it to yourself to get acquainted with this wise and witty repository of the best that man has written over the past 4000 years.

To introduce *ENCORE* to those who haven't yet had the thrill of discovering it, we are making a special offer to new subscribers. See the coupon below.

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS. Just think of it—a year's subscription brings you 1500 pages of the world's best reading—almost the equivalent of 5 full-size books. And at less than a fifth of a cent per page.

WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE NOW. You'll forget, if you don't—and you'll be missing one of the richest literary feasts of all time. Don't put it off Send that coupon in today.



SHORT STORIES
ARTICLES
ESSAYS
HUMOR
SATIRE
BIOGRAPHY
TRAVEL
HISTORY
POETRY
EDUCATION
LANGUAGE
PREFACES
PROVERBS
ANECDOTES
LETTERS
APHORISMS
REVIEWS
ODDS AND ENDS

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM

ENCORE, 25 WEST 45 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

I want to subscribe to *ENCORE* at the special introductory rate for new subscribers of six months for $1.

Name.....

Address.....

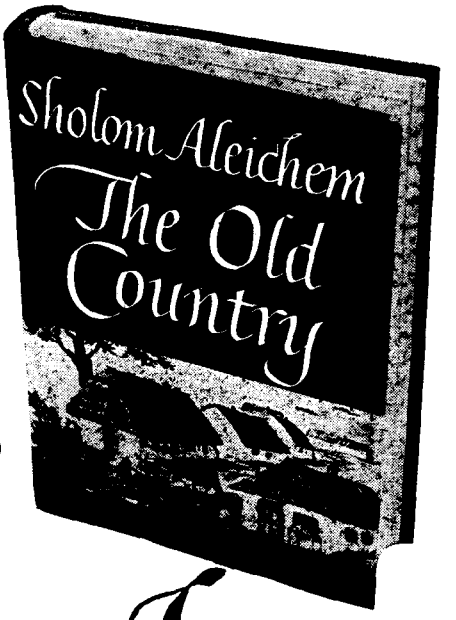
City..... *Zone*..... *State*.....

☐ *Remittance enclosed.* ☐ *Send bill later.*

SR-29

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He made millions laugh...



And now, with the publication of **THE OLD COUNTRY,** *Americans too can enjoy the fine juicy humor of*

Sholom Aleichem

SHOLOM ALEICHEM is one of the great humorists of modern times. His wonderful stories have made millions laugh. His books have been best-sellers in Europe for many years. They have been translated from the original Yiddish into German, Russian, French, even Japanese and Esperanto. And yet, the amazing fact is that THE OLD COUNTRY represents the first opportunity for most Americans to enjoy his humor.

These stories about The Old Country represent Sholom Aleichem at his best. They will make you laugh as you have never laughed before, yet they will touch you deeply, too. For Sholom Aleichem had the kind of genius that happens seldom. Not only are his writings permeated with a genuine and wise love of people—he *was* the mind of his people, their heart, their wisdom and above all their perfect idiom.

In THE OLD COUNTRY you will find the gayest and tenderest stories, the cockeyed, preposterous, tragic and lovable characters that are immortal in world literature:

TEVYE, THE DAIRYMAN, a sort of country cousin of Micawber, but a little luckier.

MENACHEM MENDEL, the sharp and ubiquitous marriage broker and manipulator, whose talent for muffing opportunities and for being inevitably, inexorably lost in the shuffle makes him the great granddaddy of all "schlemiehls".

MAIER AND SCHNAIER, who, like Mike and Ike, look disastrously alike . . . and the little boy who shouted, "Hurray, I'm an orphan" . . . and the aged gentleman who journeyed on foot to Paris to sell Rothschild the Secret of Eternal Life . . . the story of the clock that struck thirteen . . . and the terrifying tale of the goat that was possessed by a demon.

Sholom Aleichem has been variously called "another Mark Twain", "a modern Dickens", "a latter-day Heine". But he is none of these things. He is like no one else. He is unique and there is no way properly to describe his quality. Here are the stories. Read them yourself.

The Old Country

Translated, and with an introduction by JULIUS and FRANCES BUTWIN

Just published, 448 pages, $3.00. At all bookstores

CROWN PUBLISHERS, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED